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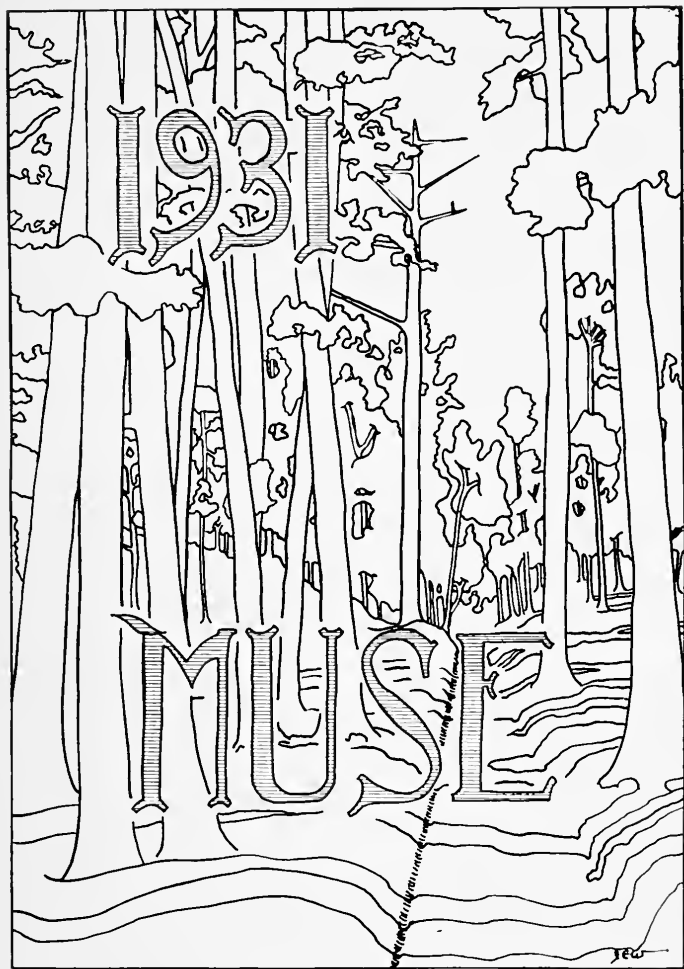


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IN these days of rapid developments, expansion would seem to denote progressiveness and prosperity. Consequently it has been felt that the Muse should be enlarged both in the number and size of its pages. While it is true that there has been some difference of opinion on this point, still a large majority favoured the change, and so we introduce this larger Muse. Should it prove popular the new size will likely become standard for future editions. A decided increase in the number of pages also has been made.

In compiling and editing our Muse this year, we have had for our slogan "Bigger and Better." It's bigger we know. We hope you think it's better.

It is greatly to be regretted that the editors of a high school magazine only hold office for one year, owing to the fact that fifth-formers are usually selected for the post. Undoubtedly the magazine would be a much finer product and would be out earlier if the editors had a year's experience by which to be guided. As it is, each editor must learn what to do and what to avoid doing for himself at a cost of a great deal of time that he might be putting to better advantage. There is really no remedy for the situation, however, but for those persons who feel that possibly on them will fall the duties of editorship in the following year may we list three "don'ts." First, don't set an indefinite time when asking for a contribution unless you don't want the article before the summer holidays. Don't expect the magazine to appear when you think it will, but try to have it out as soon after as possible. Lastly, don't ask the teachers for pictures of themselves when they were young. They either never had snap-shots taken then or they have lost them. A word to the wise is sufficient.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

RECENTLY in Chicago a new school was opened. This fact alone is not startling but it becomes so when we are told that the students are allowed to work when and how they please, and to choose whichever subject that may happen to appeal to them at the time. At first glance we may not see any advantage in such a disorderly pursuit of education, other than that it might instill greater self-dependence in the pupils. This method however would probably overcome at least one great defect in our own educational system.

From the time we leave kindergarten right to the last year in High School we do our work only under compulsion. We are always seeking a loop-hole through which we may escape from doing what we are told to do, which is a perfectly natural result. By the time we reach fifth form most of us realize that our education is for our own good, but the absorption of knowledge has so long been a bitter tonic, administered regularly and forcibly that we will reject it whenever possible. We will never do more than we absolutely must do. As a result when the Muse asks us for an article we don't have to write it, and most of us don't.

Then we enter University. Suddenly we don't have to do anything. Most of us do nothing. In consequence a majority of the first year students fail. Who actually is to blame? Of course the fault lies with the pupils, but is the blame entirely theirs? Surely they are not properly prepared for the marked change that comes on entering the University. The remedy for this evil is yet to be prescribed. The school mentioned at the beginning of this article is merely an experiment, with no definite results assured. Someday in the near future we may expect the solution of this problem.

Bill Case.

WANTED—MORE SUPPORT

A SHORT while ago I heard it expressed that the "Muse" was nothing but a fifth form magazine. Here the staff of the "Muse" would like to point accusingly to you readers (and to the lower school in particular) and reply "You're the cause."

The lack of support given to our magazine is a matter to be considered seriously. The students demand a product worthy of Malvern, witty, newsy and entertaining. You do not want the contents to relate only to the upper school and yet when we ask for articles, news, poetry, jokes or what not, we receive either a shrug and a bored look or a modestly stammered "Oh, I wouldn't know what to write."

Many interesting and clever contributions have been made (as you can see) by the few loyal ones who take an active interest in their magazine. Here I would like to add a word of praise to the I. A. paper edited by Jim Buckham who has had the temerity to publish a lively little paper containing everything from movie reviews to exciting serial stories. We would like to have seen part of it printed in the intended "Lower Form News" but owing to the failure of the majority of the forms to contribute we were not able to materialize this feature. But keep up the good work Jimmy! And now to change the subject.

O for the times when we gathered in the auditorium to listen to well-known people speak on well-known topics! These days we have no Ralph Connor or Professor Coleman to lure us from our studies and we miss them! It would be nice if we could listen to somebody acquainted with "misunderstood" Russia or if we could hear Mrs. Millicent McKinnon, whose mother was an Indian princess, unfold to us the wonders and problems of India! Now everything is left to the newspapers or our imaginations, the former being unreliable and the latter being lost in maths. Therefore we would like to see our auditorium filled once more for people such as Mr. Flowers, Dr. Gordon and Mrs. McKinnon. What do you think?

D. Wray.

UTOPIA

HAVE you in your mind ever created a perfect school? Goodwin Watson, professor of educational psychology at Teachers' College, Columbia University, has conceived what he considers an educational Utopia. He claims that our High Schools are modern in architecture but old-fashioned in the subjects taught.

His perfect High School would have six departments, Departments of Health, Leisure, Home Participation, Citizenship, Philosophy and Vocations. Within each department would be several hundred units to be carried on inside and outside the schoolroom, for example, in the Department of Health there would be such units as muscle building, complexion improving, choice of diet, first aid, relaxation and rest, getting over the blues, and avoiding the inferiority complex. Each department would consist of many such units.

He describes his envisioned High School as a sort of cafeteria of desirable experiences. Every pupil would be guided in his choice of units and encouraged to take some from each department.

Five of the six departments of this school include units which would be suitable for a pupil no matter what his plans for the future might be. Anybody would be well to study health, citizenship, home participation, philosophy, and how to spend his leisure time. But I do not see how a pupil could take these and at the same time take enough subjects in the Department of Vocations to prepare for a profession. In order to enter any profession it is necessary to learn many subjects as a wider and deeper range of knowledge is more demanded than ever.

If a boy has not decided what he is going to do, the subjects in the first departments of this school would be suitable for him as they would give him a good general education. These subjects are also useful for those pupils who have no intention of going into any business or profession. Such students are usually girls and there are never many.

We cannot disregard the opinion of Goodwin Watson who is a professor of educational psychology. Still it seems to me that for the greater number of pupils this school would not be practical and when we leave a High School like Malvern we would be better prepared for life.

Phyllis Kimber.

RUTH WACHTER

LAST year was a very successful year for Malvern not only in the athletic but also in the academic field. The most outstanding pupil of the year was Ruth Wachter who won the Harris Proficiency Award. Although only fifteen years of age she won this scholarship in competition with the entire province. On account of her age it was necessary to secure special consent from the University Senate in order that she might enter University.

Congratulations Ruth!

CANADIAN AUTHORS' ASSOCIATION

TO recite their own poems in the presence of Charles G. D. Roberts and Dr. Pratt was a thrilling if rather terrifying experience of many young poets this winter. The occasion was the January meeting of the Canadian Authors' Association in Toronto. Malvern was represented by Miss Ruth Shepard, whose literary ability is well known about the school.

After hearing the work of the group of young poets and poetesses and the criticism of the judge, Dr. Pratt, who is well known to Malvernites, read two of his own poems. Following this Dr. Roberts, who incidentally was feted by the club in honour of his birthday, spoke encouragingly of the work of his young audience and expressed complete satisfaction in the quality of the poems that he heard.

OUR VISITORS

LAST January at an open meeting of the science club the pupils of Malvern were given the opportunity of hearing an address given by Professor Rogers. Mr. Rogers is professor of analytic chemistry at the University of Toronto and is also a criminologist. He told us many interesting things about his experience in different criminal cases and illustrated his talk with several guns, an old vest, a piece of cloth, and similar things obtained while investigating these cases. Professor Rogers' extensive knowledge of chemistry has proven of great assistance to the police and government authorities. His address was thoroughly enjoyed and we appreciate Professor Rogers' kindness in coming to our school.

THE EDITORS' CONVENTION

THE Editors' Convention, held each year at the University of Toronto marks the beginning of activities for the school magazines. Representatives are sent from all over the province and are entertained by the members of the Women's Journalistic Sorority. This year Marjorie Beer, an ex-Malvernite was chairman and expressed her delight in seeing that Malvern had the largest attendance of the assembly. Following interesting addresses by Professor M. Wallace, Mr. W. J. Dunlop, Mr. V. Knowles, Mr. A. Allen, and Mr. Gregory Clarke groups were formed and discussions were held concerning the various departments of a magazine. In the evening a banquet was held at the Arts and Letters Club, the guest of honour being Charles G. D. Roberts.

On the second day after hearing interesting lectures by Mr. Arthur Lismer, Professor J. D. Robins, Mr. Clarke Locke and Dr. E. A. Hardy, the convention was brought to a close by some of the delegates attending a rugby game at the Varsity stadium while others enjoyed a theatre party at the Royal Alexandra.

We feel sure that all who were privileged to attend these meetings derived great benefit from them and we wish to extend our thanks to the Sigma Phi Sorority.

—D. W.

THIS year we have had the extremely good fortune of having Dr. A. P. Coleman, professor emeritus of Geology in the University of Toronto, write for us the story of Searboro Bluffs. The Bluffs being a local attraction are well known to Malvern students but few of us have anything but a vague idea of their origin. Dr. Coleman has given us in simplified form the explanation of this scientific wonder. We wish to thank Dr. Coleman for his kindness in consenting to thus honour our magazine.

We take this opportunity also to thank Jack Guest and Ted Reeve for their contributions to the success of the Muse. Jack has given us a delightfully detailed description of the Henley, along with his views on rowing conditions in this city. In his customary style Ted has produced another sparkling article especially for our use.

Here's something new—Cartoons by Frise. Jimmy Frise, originator of Bird's Eye Centre, has used his talent to depict some recent events of our school. Owing to the fact that the page of appreciation was made up before we received the cartoons, the Muse regrets that it was impossible to include Mr. Frise's name in it. However we sincerely thank him for his ready and generous response to our request.

SONG CONTEST

MALVERN again! It seems that nobody can dim the brightness of Malvern. Sports! Scholarships! and now Songs!

For a number of years the girls have worked patiently at composing songs, their mind bent on a certain small silver cup given each year by the Y.W.C.A. For days a certain group of girls hummed away, every now and then bursting into song or scribbling poetry. Then at one of our weekly assemblies Mr. Lehmann held up a silver cup and told us proudly that Malvern had won the song contest. Our surprise was complete, however, when fifteen girls gathered on the platform and burst into a harmonizing song that seemed to make the very walls re-echo Malvern! Our musical genius Bobs Roberts composed the music. The words are especially delightful and are the work of Gladys Kippen, Ruth Cunningham and Dorothy Schaffler.

We are proud of you, girls. We hope that your successors will defend your well-earned trophy.

D. W.

In After Years

We open the "Muse" with eager eyes,

And for awhile the present dies.

We are back again among our chums,

And memory with its sadness comes.

We see young faces happy and free,

And at the jokes we laugh with glee.

But now our eyes are moist with tears,

As we read of the friends of former years.

For Fate has played with her human toys,

Has quenched our dreams and given joys.

But though we are now of a grown-up mind,

Enjoyment in the "Muse" we'll find.

Dorian Wray.

One of the most pleasant of club meetings during this year was that of the Poetry Club, when Dr. Pratt, of Victoria University, read to us some of his unpublished poems. There seems to be no limit to Dr. Pratt's kindness and surely his encouragement of youthful poets will bring forth fruit both luscious and abundant.

Letters to the Editor

To the Edditer,

Most Esteamed Sir:—

I must at last complain about the hopelessly antekwated conditions at our school. I refer two an examination that every student (from the insignifikant first-former to the High and Honoured Fifth) of this worthy institution is bound to undergo. Namely the Spelling exam.

Did we not leave our swoddling cloths at Public School, and with them supposedly Spelling? Why there I was champion speller of my class. I came two High School two conker new glories two those allready earned, not two waist my valuable time with a foe long vankwisted.

O! Mighty One use thy persuasive powers on the lofty ones and rid us of that bug bare.

I remain yours

in rath

“A Nonny Mouse.”

Dear Editor:—

To my mind there should be many educational improvements made. In the first place I would like to see the rotary system abolished. If the teacher were to go from one room to the other instead of forty-five pupils marching through the halls (in what is supposed to be a straight line) there would be less commotion and disorder.

Then, regarding those boring detentions. Why don't they bring back the good old hickory cane? And why is there so much red-tape over admit slips and “de-mit” slips? I strongly believe that a pupil of High School age should not have to contend with this but should be allowed to stay home whenever he wishes.

Lastly, I think that teachers should not forbid talking during periods. It is very annoying when they continually bother one with “Stop talking!” I hope in the future these faults will be corrected.

Yours truly,

“Free Speech.”

Dear Editor:—

If you have a fountain pen you will be unable to realize the gravity of the matter which I am drawing to your attention. It concerns the condition of the ink wells in the study room. Ink is absolutely a minus quantity in that room and in many of the desks even the inkwell is gone. You can plainly see the disastrous effect this has on the work of the pupils. They come to the study room expecting to work and accomplish something but as soon as they go to write they are stopped. This state of affairs must be corrected.

A Sufferer.

Dear Sir:—

How I do wish that the heating of the school could be regulated! One day it is so hot that I roast. The next day I come to school in a cool summer dress. Either fate or the furnace is against me, for, sure enough, the school is so cold that I cannot sit still for shivering. Something should be done and something must be done. I am leaving it to the editor as I have great confidence in your ability. I remain

Yours truly,

“A Devoted Reader of the Muse.”

Dear Editor:—

My complaint regards the Glee Club or rather the lack of one. I would like to know why a school like Malvern has not a Glee Club! This could be formed for boys and girls or may be a separate one for each. If such a club were to be organized I am sure we would have a chance for the cup that is offered each year at the “Y”. Hoping to hear about it soon.

Yours anxiously,

“A Third Former.”

Dear Editor:—

The subject of homework seems to be a worn out one and every time it is mentioned to the teachers, they either appear bored or disgusted. However quite recently an article appeared in “The Saturday Night” on the “Tyranny of Home Work,” which seemed to me to be quite fair and logical. The writer went on to say that it would be difficult, if not impossible for teachers to cover their work if they did not give a certain amount of home work. But the evil of permitting the teacher to determine how much time shall be spent on his work outside of school is very acute. One teacher does not see the sum total of the homework given; he sees only his own perhaps quite moderate assignment. Or he may be impelled by a spirit of competition (as one teacher feels a natural impulse to stand up for his rights) and hearing that another is giving a good deal, also makes his assignment heavy. The result is that the poor pupil is the unfortunate victim. Hoping the teachers will some day recognize this side of the argument.

Yours in consternation,

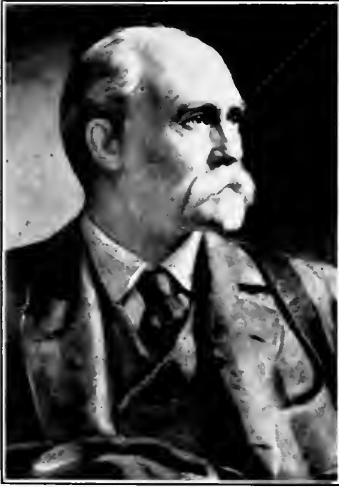
“A Fifth Former.”

A TRIOLET

To take chemistry
When 'twas so trying
How silly of me
To take chemistry!
All laughed with glee
As I went flying
To take chemistry
When 'twas so trying

Scarboro Heights

Dr. A. P. Coleman



COMING by steamer from Niagara one sees from many miles away a long line of pale cliffs to the east of Toronto forming what is called Scarboro Heights or Scarboro Bluffs. The cliffs are not of rock but of clay and sand and provide the most striking scenery on the shore of Lake Ontario. They are also of great interest geologically and the deposits of clay and sand throw much light on the history of the region during the last million years.

A walk of nine and a half miles along the shore, beginning at Balmy Beach or Victoria Park and ending at Highland Creek near Port Union gives a fine opportunity to study the arrangement of the beds and to learn something of the strange events that prepared the drift deposits which form the present surface of Ontario.

Going northeast from Victoria Park the cliffs begin in a modest way with clay in which one finds stones of all sizes up to boulders several feet through. This is characteristic boulder clay or till; and the stones it contains are largely of granite or other ancient rocks which must have come from the north or east and which could only have been transported by ice. This stony clay calls up an invasion of a vast glacier advancing from the northeast and dragging with it all sorts of debris gathered from the Laurentian hills many miles away.

Going farther along shore stratified clay comes in beneath the boulder clay. This was evidently laid down in a lake much deeper than the present which filled the Ontario basin before the ice advance just mentioned. In the stratified clay there are thin beds or partings of peaty matter. If the peaty materials are washed to get rid of the clay, then dried and studied with a lens, one finds mosses, bits of leaves and chips of wood and also sometimes the wings of beetles. 72 kinds of beetles have been worked out from these layers, all but two of them now extinct.

The clay with peaty layers is eighty or ninety feet thick and has been found from point to point for 25 miles, and we must think of it as made by a great river coming down from the north laden with mud and leaves and bits of moss which slowly settled to the bottom of a lake

far larger and deeper than Ontario. The building up of a great delta ended with more than fifty feet of sand which can be seen above the peaty clay for five miles along the central part of the cliffs. What barrier held up the water of this interglacial lake 150 feet deeper than our present lake is not known; but after many thousands of years the dam was removed and the lake was drained. The water sank even lower than Lake Ontario and the whole geography of the Toronto region was changed.

The delta had now become dry land and rivers began to flow on it cutting deep valleys in the sand and clay; and after many more thousands of years the surface had been carved by wind and rain and running water into hills and valleys.

Once more the climate became cold, ice began to gather toward the northeast and a glacier slowly moved down into the basin, finally covering the whole region with ice thousands of feet thick.

When the second ice sheet departed it left behind it a thick sheet of boulder clay which largely evened up the valleys cut in the interglacial time. This is beautifully shown three miles east of Victoria Park at what has been called the Dutch Church, near the halfway stop of the suburban cars.

One can easily make out the cross section of the ancient valley cut in the interglacial beds and see how the boulder clay and stratified glacial clay has filled it almost to the brim. The valley was a mile wide on top and about a thousand feet wide at present lake level.

The firmly packed glacial clay which fills the old valley is much more solid than the interglacial beds on each side and when attacked by the waves of Lake Ontario stands up as vertical cliffs, while the softer interglacial beds slump down and give slopes where bushes and trees can grow.

Small streams flowing over the cliffs soon cut back steep walled



Top of the Dutch Church

ravines, and one of them comes out in the midst of the old valley, slicing its way down to the level of Lake Ontario. The stiff clay thus exposed is carved by frost and rain into sharp ridges and strange pinnacles suggesting a towered and buttressed cathedral, which some artist many years ago christened "the Dutch Church." The most striking bits of wild natural architecture on the shore of Ontario are to be found here, shaped from the clay packed tightly into the valley of an interglacial river.

There are beautiful spots all along the Scarborough cliffs, but the vertical walls and strangely carved spires and towers and knife edges of the Dutch Church region make the climax of its picturesque scenery.

A mile farther east the cliffs, though much less striking, reach their highest point, 350 feet above the water of the lake, giving a broad view over the lake and the heights to the east and west.

When Lake Ontario began, the morainic hills of Scarborough probably stretched two miles and a half farther out into its waters making a striking promontory; but ever since that time the waves have been attacking and destroying the cliffs, undercutting the clay so that great slices lose their support and tumble down to the beach. There the clay is washed away and the stones are rolled by the waves to form gravel. In the sand which comes down from above there are heavy particles, especially red garnet and black magnetite, and these are assorted by the waves into small windrows that stand out against the usual brownish gray sand of the shore.

Two surveys made fifty years apart show that the cliffs are receding through the destructive work of the waves at the average rate of 1.62 feet a year. At that rate it must have taken about 8,000 years to cut back the Scarborough cliffs to the present position of the Dutch Church; and this gives us a rough measure of the life of Lake Ontario which probably began its work about that number of years ago.



Cliffs at the Dutch Church

"Lest We Forget"

WM. CONNOR

HE stood in a muddy trench and stared silently at a fluttering slip of paper in his hand. The sun was slowly setting, and over and around him was the roar and thunder of battle. Jim was dead. A piece of shrapnel had found his brain the day before. Jim—dead, it was unbelievable! He could not be dead! His dying words still rang in his ears, "Stick it out, old fellow!" . . . He was back at Malvern. The crowded stands were hushed as he waited for the ball to drop. Jim crouched a little to his left, ready for their own pass. The ball was in his hands, and dodging, swerving, he was away! Up the field he swept, Jim by his side. A blue jerseyed figure crossed his path—a thud—and he felt himself falling. A quick turn and the ball was in his friend's hands and in a moment, was safely behind the opponent's goal.—Now Jim was dead. He would never see him again. His best friend, killed in this muddy hell. He wished that he could cry, to loosen that steel-like band around his throat and to escape from that crushing force which seemed to be slowly driving him crazy with each shell-burst.

Why had he not been killed, and not Jim? For years they had been chums, seeing life together, and now Jim was gone forever. Why had they deserted the friendly walls of Malvern for the field of battle. Patriotism, he supposed. How fervently he wished that they could be safe at home without a cloud of uncertainty over their heads, and without the everlasting din of battle in their ears! He cursed himself for a fool, for persuading Jim to enlist. His jaw set,—it did not matter now, he thought bitterly, nothing mattered now that Jim was dead. He would fight as long as he could and he would kill them mercilessly, as they had killed Jim. His teeth ground and his fists clenched in helpless fury. A messenger rushed up, and with a breathless, "Orders, Sir!" thrust a sheaf of papers into his hand. He read them slowly. A grim smile creased his lips.—An attack at dawn! That would be his opportunity! He smiled again, and his eyes gleamed as he thought of his revenge.

He glanced at his watch and the slim little hands showed five minutes to five. With a deafening rumble and crash the barrage began. A long line of earth spumed up in front of him. He crouched low as it crept toward him and crashed past. Other figures crouched as he, but many of them stayed curiously sprawled in the mud, after he had arisen. He waited, his feet wide apart, and his gun in his hand. His bayonet glittered dully in the murky dawn. The barrage was far behind the lines now, and the rattle of machine guns and rifles stood out above its roar.—Surely it was time? No, only a minute has passed! Four minutes before the "push" would start. He had never known how long a minute really was! He wondered if he would live out the attack and tried to imagine the quick stabbing pain of a bullet. Death, he thought, would be heaven, compared to this roaring inferno. He smiled as he remembered the peacefulness of a Latin period and unconsciously compared it to his present

surroundings—shredded, blackened stumps, scorched and burned by shells and fire, were all around. Gaping, sodden shell-holes, and twisted barbed wire fronted him. Here and there a khaki form lay, often twisted oddly. Just behind him were the shattered sections of a gun carriage, and beyond these, a horse lay in a reddish puddle. He shuddered and glanced at his watch. Two minutes to five. Had it stopped? It must be later than that! He held it to his ear, and as if from a great distance he heard its reassuring tick. The sudden dull thud of a gas shell galvanized him into action. In a moment he was a grotesque faceless figure. Confound these masks, one could hardly breathe in them! The clip cut his nose already, and his ears hummed. Only one minute now! Why didn't they stop that shelling? His ears rang, and his head throbbed with each successive crash—his pulses raced, and in a moment he was on the parapet waving his men on. "Come on men, here we go!"—a long line of figures came from the trench at his bidding. He was running, a gray figure reared up in his path, and he shot, blindly. The figure disappeared—funny, how it lived one minute and was dead the next! Ahead of him, the round muzzle of a machine gun flamed in his face. A flash of pain shot through his right shoulder and he dove for a shell-hole. Where are those grenades? Ah! Here they are! He bit the pin from one, and hurled it. A deafening detonation, and the machine gun was no more. He struggled in vain to rise. Panic seized him, and he clawed frantically at the mud with his bare hands. He couldn't move! He was paralysed! Terror tore at his heart and he struggled. What was that burning him? He looked and saw little yellow streams corrugating the black mud. It was that mustard stuff, he guessed. He had heard that the enemy were using it. He tried again to rise. Why couldn't he get up? The stuff was torturing him!

He was home, sailing on the lake. The warm, blue water gurgled and foamed past the sides of the boat. The sun shone full upon him, and it stung a little. The wind was fresh, and the little boat heeled at a perilous angle. He laughed as it plunged from wave to wave, flinging silvery spray from the sharp bow. The sheets were taut in his hand, and the tiller felt alive. Suddenly the blue sky turned to gray, the sun slid behind a cloud, and the waves were huge. His boat was suddenly swamped, and he was drowning! What was that on his face? It was choking him!—He screamed and tore it from his mouth—tore off his gas mask.—He caught a last reeling glimpse of a tortured, flashing sky, as his soul slid silently into eternity.

Rowing

JACK GUEST

Winner of Diamond Sculls, 1930



TO the average Canadian college youth rowing is considered somewhat of a mysterious pastime in which only men over six feet in height and weighing at least 200 pounds have any chance whatever of becoming successful oarsmen. In a hazy sort of way these ideas are correct, but as the old sailor said when explaining the reason for his beery nose, "there is more in it than meets the eye."

Chiefly because Canadian oarsmen have been going over to England and the Continent striving for, and, in some cases, winning, honors for the Dominion rowing in Canada seems to have received a good deal of public interest during the past few years. And it would seem an opportune time to give to the Canadian youth some idea of the laurels that await those who are

willing to give their time and energy in mastering the fine points which go to make a young man a good sculler and oarsman.

As the tennis enthusiast looks to Wimbledon as the height of his ambitions, and the golfer yearns for a chance to try for the British Open Golf Championship, so does the sculler or oarsman turn to the Henley Royal Regatta, the blue ribbon of the rowing world, for the opportunity to win a trophy which will place his name on the records which already carry the history of almost a century.

When the landed gentry and the principal townspeople of Henley-on-Thames met in the Town Hall of that historic old town on March 26th, 1839, to discuss the feasibility of forming the regatta which later became known as the Henley Royal Regatta, they little dreamed that their local annual would eventually become one of the best known events in the rowing world. How often do we read of these important events which had "small beginnings."

The Henley Regatta therefore became an established fact in 1839 with two races on its programme—first, the Grand Challenge Cup for eight-oared crews and, second, the Town Challenge trophy for four-oared crews. The Regatta soon met with the success that was destined to make it the premier rowing event in England, if not the world, and it was not long before additional races were added to the programme. So in 1844

we find that a sculler's race for amateurs was instituted, entitled the Diamond Sculls. For the following five years the Diamond Sculls was a presentation prize, but in 1850 the event was changed to the Diamond Challenge Sculls and a presentation silver-gilt cup was instituted. The Sculls, competed for annually to this day, were in 1850 described as follows. "The sculls are models of about 6" in length, formed of frosted and bright silver, the handles of fillet gold, the sculls crossed and corded with gold, the cord appearing in the centre of a wreath of green enamel set with rubies and brilliants and tied, the ends of the tie sustaining a brilliant drop."

Unlike the Henley Regatta the University Boat race was virtually born with the silver spoon of popularity in its mouth. Ten years before the Henley Regatta was formed, or on June 10th, 1829, the first boat race between Oxford and Cambridge was held on the same stretch of water at Henley before a crowd of no few than 20,000 people who thronged the lovely reaches of the river. In a short while this race was moved to London and in 1845 the course from Putney to Mortlake was chosen, and has been used ever since. It seemed most fitting that in 1929, after 100 years of competition, each University had won an equal number of races with one race resulting in a draw.

Not until next year, 1932, will Canadian oarsmen be celebrating the Golden Anniversary of their Association. A great deal of rowing history has been made in Canada during those fifty years nearly completed and a great deal more will be added before the century mark is reached, despite the fact that people will tell you that the youth of today is not interested in a sport as serious and strenuous as rowing.

There is a strong bond of union which undoubtedly exists between rowing men the world over. Naturally all persons interested in any particular form of sport or pastime—be it baseball, rugby, hockey, golf, tennis, or what not, are bound together by a common tie, but in my experience the tie which binds old oarsmen is the strongest and most enduring of all. One reason may be the feeling of fellowship which arises from the fact that all are labouring together in a common cause without any thought of individual distinction. There are no runs to be scored, no goals or touchdowns to be made, no long drives or cunning putts to be negotiated, but each member of the crew contributes anonymously his best to the common good. Another reason may be the pleasant memories associated with these combined efforts, the unpleasant experiences being forgotten. Fortunately, most of us are so constituted by nature that we readily remember the pleasant and forget the unpleasant things of life. We forget the outings in snow and rain, the buffeting by winds and waves, the discomforts of rough water and an uneven boat, while we remember the still summer evenings, the joyous feeling of the craft beneath us speeding smoothly along and answering to the harmony of well-applied rhythmical effort. We even sometimes—though not perhaps so often—tend to forget the occasions on which we have been left hopelessly behind and to remember only those on which we have triumphantly sailed first past the winning post.

But there is a further reason still which I think is more accountable for the result than any other, and that is the precious feeling of sympathy which almost universally exists between fellow-sufferers. I say sufferers advisedly, for there is no doubt that an oarsman's fate is linked with a



good deal of suffering. He will probably never come through a really hard race without enduring much discomfort and even misery. A sculler when exhausted can leave off if he likes—though to his credit, he it said, he very rarely does so—for he has only himself to consider; but a member of a crew is in honor bound to flog away to the very end, no matter how done up he may be.

There is one point, however, that belongs not alone to rowing but is common to all lines of sport, and that is that the "old timers" will always be heard to remark, "They don't seem to row so well as we did in my time."

Old Mack

EILEEN CASE

THE evening star shone forth. Old Mack's youthful blue eyes twinkled up their greeting to their kindred. Old Mack dragged contentedly at his ancient pipe as he trudged along the high-road.

"I been followin' that there star most o' my life," he mused. "I reckon a body could keep on goin' forever without ever eomin' to it."

He blew the smoke upward in front of his face, so that for a moment the silver-blue of the star was obscured from his vision. When the smoke drifted off into the blue night, the star appeared again, clear and cold as the evening itself was, hung above the silent woods that kept vigil over the highway. Old Mack pulled up the frayed collar of his coat and quickened his pace.

"I better step on it if I'm goin' to get to Brookboro by daylight," he said to himself, "Just now I wouldn't mind havin' an automobile—

but then I'd get tired of it I reckon. Anyway I'm thankin' the good Lord that I got strong legs."

As if to prove the fact Old Mack plunged his heavily shod feet down firmly on the smooth concrete and moved ahead with determination. "I guess I'm happy enough with what I got. After all this is the life. Sometimes only I wisht I had a buddy—someone to talk to when I'm trampin' along—someone to laugh and joke with when I drink my coffee when I pull up at night."

He sighed and his eyes became dreamy. "If I'd a took my boy when Janie and me broke up—but then I guess he's better off where he is—wherever he is."

Old Mack drifted off into his fondest dream. There was little to it but he dreamed it over and over again. In his fancy his son was trampin' beside him, his son, his chum, tall and handsome and strong. He still carried in his memory the face of the little boy who had been his. In his dream he saw the same face on the body of a youth, his son. Their arms were linked and they were laughing with one another and remarking the splendour of the evening star.

"Going my way?" Old Mack was startled out of his day-dream. A long low automobile had drawn up beside him.

"Sure am," he said.

"Hop in," said the nice masculine voice. "How far are you going?"

"Goin' right to Brookboro."

"Sorry I'm not going to Brookboro. I'm just going as far as Juneville."

"That'll do me fine."

Old Mack settled his sturdy body into the upholstery.

"Wasn't you afraid I was a highway robber or such like?" he asked.

"Nope. I know your type."

"Live in Juneville?"

"Yes—at least that's where my people live. I'm hardly ever at home. I like to be on the go. I guess I was meant to be a vagabond."

"Sort of a gentleman adventurer, eh?"

"You might call it that—or just a plain tramp."

"I guess not. I'm just a tramp. I ain't your type. When you go wanderin' I guess you do it up proper."

"I see what you mean. You mean I go in my car and stop at hotels and all that?"

"Yeh."

"Yes, you're right. I couldn't get along the way you do I guess."

"I suppose your folks don't like to have you away all the time."

"No. They're afraid I'll get into trouble or something. I'll tell you." The young man lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and continued, "My father used to drink and gamble. My mother and he split up on account of that when I was a kid. I went with my mother and when she died a rich family adopted me. They're afraid I'll develop his habits."

"You leave it alone, my boy. Many's the happy home that's been broke up that way. My own home was, f'r instance. I've never touched a drop since."

There was a silence for a few minutes while the young man gazed straight ahead at the road.

"Of course I haven't got a family," he said. "Not yet."

"Thinking of it?"

"Not for a while. I wouldn't want to be tied down to a home."

"You're young yet."

"Twenty-two. Suppose we get acquainted. My name's Gerald MacPherson Ditching Laidlaw."

"Gerald MacPherson Ditching Laidlaw!" the old man gasped.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing." Old Mack puffed with rather exaggerated nonchalance. "Strange name, that's all."

He changed the subject abruptly and the conversation drifted into more impersonal lines. Old Mack told of his many adventures as a vagabond. Gerald Laidlaw told of his experiences as a gentleman adventurer. They were vastly different. When Old Mack got out of the car at Juneville the young man stretched out his hand. The hard rough old hand gripped the smooth young one.

"By the way," said Laidlaw, "you didn't tell me your name."

"I'm just called Old Mack."

"Well, I like you Old Mack, and if ever you're down and out come and see me. Here's my card."

"Thank you son," said Old Mack with a strange break in his voice. "God bless you."

The long car swung around a corner up a side-street and was lost from sight. Once more Old Mack was tramping along the highway to the land of the evening star. He stared at the star, but he did not see it, because the tears in his eyes blurred it. In his hand he clutched the card which the young man had given him.

"Gerald Macpherson Ditching Laidlaw" he muttered over and over.

He dug his hands into the deep pockets of his overcoat and took from one an old leather wallet. From this he drew a card, softened and creased with age. His eyes stared down at it through the darkness. He could not see it but he knew that it said,

"MacPherson Ditching
Carpenter and Paper-hanger."

THE EIGHT APTITUDES

1. Blessed are the poor in pocket for they shall not eat in the cafe.
2. Blessed are the meek for they give the teachers no sass.
3. Blessed are they that mourn at exams but they shall not be comforted.
4. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for detentions for they shall be filled.
5. Blessed are the merciful for they shall not awaken Rowney.
6. Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall not read "Hush"
7. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall not see the principal.
8. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for Geometry's sake for their's is a June diploma.

Miss Barr — An Appreciation

HARRIET INGHAM



AMONG the changes in the old order on the staff of Malvern Collegiate Institute ushered in by 1930 the retirement of Miss Barr from her position as head of the Moderns Department was almost epoch-changing. To many of her ex-pupils, to many of her former colleagues, Malvern without Miss Barr seems hardly Malvern. She was the senior surviving member of the staff. In the Autumn of 1908 she came to teach in a little four-roomed building on the site where the great bulk of the present school now stands. The other teachers of the then East Toronto High School were Mr. French, the Principal, the late Mr. Graham, and Miss Wilkinson. Miss Barr saw the staff and the building change and grow, saw the school become a city high school, and remained to work for twenty

years with Mr. Lehmann, and to play a part not easily estimated in setting a standard of honourable service, of obligations scrupulously fulfilled, and of friendly co-operation.

Among the events in the history of Malvern with which Miss Barr's name is associated the chief is the founding of the Girls' Club, *The Malvern Mädchen* (the name had to be alliterative, also to savour of learning—perhaps a delicate compliment to Miss Barr was intended in the choice of a foreign term). What was perhaps the first Girls' Club in a Toronto High School owed its origin to a banding together of Miss Barr and the girls in an attempt somehow to improve conditions in an uncomfortable topsy-turvy world of inadequate accommodation—classes were held in corridors, and there were no cloak-rooms—and of the constant noise of the building of the needed additions to the school. The war gave the club a sterner purpose (also a change of name to *Maids of Malvern*—still alliterative); and the stress and strain of the time brought teacher and pupils closely together in friendly co-operation and sympathy. Miss Barr and old girls alike love to indulge in reminiscences of those days; and, in memory of them and of her work in the school, present and former members of the Club united in 1924 to make Miss Barr a presentation of a silver toilet set. The Club, later affiliated with the Y.W.C.A., became for the girls such an integral part of the school life that when, some years ago, on the founding of *The Literary Society*, it was thought that

the *Maids of Malvern* might merge into the larger association, it was found to have much too deeply-rooted and vigorous a life of its own for that.

Miss Barr is a graduate of the University of Toronto. Before coming to Toronto she had taught in St. John's, Newfoundland. If brevity were here made the soul of wit, perhaps an appraisal of her work might be summed up in the statement that she is of Scottish descent and exemplifies the sterling qualities of her race.

As a teacher she set a high standard—and lived up to it herself. She inculcated habits of diligence, perseverance and promptness, the value of which no changing theories of education can deny. Slackers found scant mercy at her hands, but

“if severe in aught

The love she bore to learning was at fault.”

On the other hand, no pupils who wished to excel could ever complain of lack of sound teaching and grounding from Miss Barr. “If we did no other home-work, we did our French,” ex-pupils who have learned to be grateful may be heard to say. The reality and extent of her kindly interest in her pupils and in their welfare, her reserve of manner may not always have fully revealed, but that interest has followed numbers of them out into the world, where the teacher has become the friend.

Those who were privileged to know her as a colleague, highly esteemed her. Her shrewd observation, pithy humour, saving grace of common sense, real kindness of heart, and considerate co-operation made work with her a pleasure, and won for her the sincere respect and lasting affection of her fellow-teachers.

Much of this attempt at appreciation is phrased in the past tense, for Miss Barr's active connection with Malvern has been formally severed. But her interest in the school, we know, is still lively; and we hope she will continue to keep an eye on us and on our doings. The wish for Miss Barr of former pupils and colleagues alike is this: that she may be granted length of days in which to enjoy those fruits of a successful life, which are most surely hers, “honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

Nutsy Fagan

TED REEVE

THE tang of the autumn,” said Nutsy Fagan as he put a couple more in the sink to cool, “is in the air and the prolate spheroid spirals there, and I long for the yelp of the quarterback that sent me smashing through the pack, and the roar of the crowd like distant surf as the bodies thud on the pounded turf, and I crave the crunch of the well placed cleat upon some spine as the two lines meet, and that spinning glimpse of the ground, the sky, and the stands as they all go whirling by, as they bring you down and you hear the scream, ‘there’s eight more yards for the Big Red team.’ My second childhood takes me worse as I think of the way our coach could curse as he worked us up to the proper frame where we could go and play the game, each stitch and fracture aches in me as I dream of the days on the Varsity.”

Placing his precious burden on the table and choking down his emotion, friend Fagan shook off this melancholy strain and whirling across the room to approved cheer leader tempo hooted:

“Rippertee, rappartee, rippertee ree,
Conservatree, Conservatree,
No time to lose, a loud enthuse,
For good old Nutsy Fagan.”

“What a gladsome whoop that was,” sighed Nutsy, “back in the days when the red flannel sweaters of the old Conservatory of Music swept down every gridiron in the land. The Crimson Crescendoes the sport writers called us, and marches were our favorite numbers. What a galaxy of speed, strength and gristle we were. To be one of the Big Flannels, to go strolling across the campus arm in arm with McGoogan and the rest, to hie to the frat house of an eventide, where we would gather to agitate the upright and slobber a few blues, and you know I can still bleat a mean bar of harmony.

And little blue-eyed Minnie. What a girl! What a girl! A perfect blonde light-heavyweight. Gad, the happy Sunday nights at her home as I recounted the doings of the big game the day before. I laugh even yet as I think of the merry evening when I demonstrated to her grandpa how I had stopped that play on the one-yard line with a flying tackle and fractured the old fellow's knee, which caused him to remark drolly as they carried him to bed, “That was a great play son, but I am sure glad you did not kick any field goals.”

Happy days for me and for my big pal, comrade, buddy and chum, Highboy Hammerthwaite, who played the other end position on the Big Red team. What an athlete he was, a tackling demon and the best wrestler in college. His mother was Dutch and his father a full-blooded saxophone player and he inherited from this sturdy stock a combative spirit and a will to work and win such as I have seldom seen. He would practice wrestling holds by the hour and often I have come in to find him at solitary drill with a punishing arm lock on himself and so dogged was his nature when he went that way I could only get him let go by slapping him twice quickly on the back as a sign of victory.

Together we had the lamp lighting beat for the college town and armed with short ladders and our implements we hurried about each twilight from post to post until the main street and the suburb was aglow. My quick perception soon found a way that we could finish this task much faster. We took an extra gym class each week, dispensed with our ladders and practiced at my plan until, on the dead run, I could swing in beside Highboy and with one motion land surely balanced on his shoulders just in time to turn the light on. A quick leap to the ground, another sprint, another scurry up his broad frame and another light was lit. After three weeks of that labor saving system we could do it every time to perfection.

Then the usually sober Highboy had his great brain wave. Why couldn't we do that in a game, he argued, and taking Dapper Jack Dalton, who threw the forward passes, into our confidence, we worked out our breath-taking play in secret sessions on the gridiron. I forgot whether it was against Yale, McGill or the LaSalle Institute that we first made history with the Lamplighter's Lift. It was in the third period. Jack called the forward pass signal, Highboy sped down the left and cut in. I did the same from the right and hitting a clear spot I leapt to his shoulders just as Jack, seeing me appear so startlingly high above the cluttered action hurled me the ball. Catching it I leapt over the full-back's head and ran thirty yards for a touchdown. We worked that six or fifteen times more that day and we were the college heroes before the shadows lengthened from the goal posts.

That was the start and team after team fell before the Lamplighter's Lift. Sometimes the opposition knocked off my mate just at the psychological moment and left me treading air as the ball whipped over my head but they could not stop us and undefeated we sailed into the big game with our hated rivals at Minnetonka.

They had the greatest team of their history and never will I forget the day of that titanic contest. One of the most thrilling moments of my career came with expectant hush in the dressing room, from where we could hear the smothered roar and boom of the vast crowd, and the Old Man rose to his feet and solemnly said, "You are fighting today for the old Conservatory and all it means. The honor of the college rests with you men. You must uphold her ideals, and remember a win today and you all get a real break when they pass out the gravy on the final split of the gates."

The jog down the corridor and out on to the sun-splashed field as the packed stadium rose to greet us, the blaring bands, waving pennants, dashing co-eds in automobile veils of our colors and every Minnetonka supporter, male or female, peering out from behind a sun flower, their college emblem. What a day, what a throng and what a thrill as our sections rose and yelled:

Kick 'em high, tackle low,
Fortissimo, fortissimo,
Rah, rah, rah,
Tra, la, la,
Conservatory of Music,
Doh-h-h-h!

I can recall but little of that epic encounter save that we fought through the first half to a nine-nine tie, Highboy and I working our favorite play for one touchdown despite their closest vigil. Then they got me. They broke my collarbone and when I staggered on they broke my arm and I was led away babbling. They marched slowly but steadily down the field and smashed over for a touch. Thrice I returned to the game but I was a marked man and got more marked on every entry, while my injuries delayed my motions when I tried to scamper up to my friend's shoulders.

In the last quarter our Fighting Flannels rallied and swung gallantly across to tie the score but it was a killing effort. Back came their formidable foes and struggled up to a position where they sent a dropkick flying across the bar. A roar of victory went up from their massed sections but they reckoned without Nutsy Fagan. I rushed to the clubhouse and when I returned and husked at the Old Man, "Put me in," he did not recognize his star at first. "Nutsy," he cried, "you have shaved off your sideburns; they will never know you," and slapping me hearteningly on the broken collarbone he sent me back into the battle.

A minute to go, a huddle, surprised recognition by my team mates when I showed them my birthmark, the forward pass signal, no one paying attention to this supposedly unknown sub cutting down the field and then across into Highboy's galloping wake, a yell of warning too late from the Minnetonka captain. I was up on Highboy's neck and helmet pulling down Dalton's pass with my good arm and Highboy was rushing down the field far ahead of all pursuers without me even jumping down to the ground. What a moment! Fifteen yards from the line I waved the ball aloft in wild rejoicing as our rooters rose en masse and boomed the cry of victory:

Who's the boy
To pull us through?
Nutsy Fagan,
Boo, boo, boo!

Then something crashed against my head and I fell over backwards as the ball flew from my hands. Highboy, in his great excitement, had rushed across the line under the goalposts and the crossbar did the rest.

The shades of night were falling fast o'er stadium and grid,
When from the blanket line of subs an eager youngster slid;
A minute only left to play before full time arrived,
He dashed across the pounded sod to where his team mates strived.

A signal, and he has the ball upon his ten-yard line;
"He's down, he's up, he's crashing on with spirit and with spine;
He's dodged his way right through the fray" the game broadcaster
cried,
"The mighty crowd is standing up as though electrified.

"He bounds across the sward and now he rounds the last two men,
He's down, he's up, he's up, he's down, he's sprinting on again;
A ninety-five-yard run or more to cross the line and score,
An unknown sub we thought a dub has caused this mighty roar.

"Oh rah, oh rah, oh rah, rah, rah, that final dash was great
And now his team will only lose by sixty-five to eight."

—TEDDY.

Bill Shakespeare's Ghost

LYCESTER PARKER

ACT I SCENE I

Front room of Shakespeare's house, Stratford-on-Avon. Door to the right and another to the left. Five minutes to twelve.

Enter, from the right, Charlie Chaplin, with bed-clothes over his arm.

Charlie: Talk about life in a lift. It's nothing in comparison with this. I've moved so often to escape crowds that it feels deneedly strange to be standing still. I'm glad there was a fire-escape on that hotel. I could never have stood another crowd [looking around]. This seems a nice, deserted place. A little open, perhaps. I'll go and sleep in that room over there.

[Exit to the left.]

SCENE II

Same place: The first stroke of midnight.

From the floor rises the ghost of William Shakespeare. It strides to the middle of the floor and, seeing the footsteps of Charlie, pauses:

Shake: Whose are these footprints,

That I see before me,

The toes pointing thus outwards?

Come! Let me see thee

[stoops] 'Tis passing strange, and yet,

'Tis not so strange:

I'll find the mortal whose great feet,

With mud and dust, have thus

Defiled the room. If he be near

He'll hear me.

[Groans.]

Voice [from the left]: Who's there?

Shake: [aside] There lies the knave who's done this:

He knows not, that I, once a year,

Repair, to this my fair ancestral home,

I shall terrify him [aloud].

'Tis I who speak, "William Shakespeare."

[Sounds from the left of a flat-footed man getting out of bed.]

SCENE III

Same place. A minute later.

Enter, from the left, Charlie Chaplin.

Shake: I prithee, fair sir, tell me who art thou?

Charlie: As I live, Shakespeare! I'm Charlie Chaplin.

Shake: And knowest thou, sir, that this is my home. By thy name, thou should'st be of noble stock. The Chaplins are a race of high renown. But what do'st thou here?

Charlie: Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't know you had your "hang-out" here, yet.

Shake: Forsooth, I give my pardon,
But what mean "hangout"?
It smacks too much of roguery,
To call thus, this place.

Charlie: "Hangout"? Don't you know what "hangout" means? Why your "diggings," the old homestead, the barracks, you know. . . Oh hang it, man, your house. You'd know what "hangout" means if you'd seen "Shoulder Arms." Surely, you saw me in that. I thought everybody had.

Shake: In Shoulder Arms; In Shoulder Arms,
No doubt I should know of the place,
Methought no tavern was so far,
Or so benighted that I knew it not,
Perchance 'tis up in Scotland
And thus I know it not.

Charlie: Oh it isn't a tavern. It's a picture.

Shake: A picture! Thou didst say
Then thou wert in it,
How canst thou be on canvas,
And still be, here, where mine eyes can see you?

Charlie: Oh it's a moving picture. I made it.

Shake: Are thou a wandering artist,
A wild traveller, who samples
Much the heady Rhenish wine?
I know the cause of such decay,
That makes't men moving pictures,
Pictures of misery.

Charlie: Wait a minute. You've got me wrong. I'm no drunkard. You see it's this way. In Hollywood—

Shake: Hold! Perchance 'tis Holyrood of which you speak?

Charlie: No! Hollywood in the U.S.A., over in America.

Shake: I know of no such places. 'Tis that they are in strange and sunny climes where dwarf and great chimaeras roam?

Charlie: No! But we'll let it go.

Shake: Art thou, a wandering artist, to usurp the King's prerogative and speak in terms of "we" and "let it go." What has't thou to let go?

Charlie: Oh. It's all right, old man! But to go on with my tale.

Shake: A tale, forsooth! And thinkest thou
Vain man! I wish to spend this night
My only one on earth in all the year's long nights,
Listening to minstrelsy. Begone, thou rascal!

[Bell rings] Hark! 'Tis the bell that summons me
I go! But let me not again
Meet thee. [He vanishes].

Charlie: Well, I'll be—

[Curtain]



Looking Back

HOW strange to us now at Malvern appear the events of a few years ago. To gratify our own curiosity, the other day we rummaged about in the ancient and cob-webbed archives that contain the secrets of Malvern's past and here is what we found:—

—that Malvern originally was known as East Toronto High School and first opened its doors in 1903 in the discarded shed once occupied by Kimberley St. School—then St. Mary St. School—on the site where the present public school now stands.

—that Mr. French was the first principal of the high school and as such conducted the first, second and third forms which then made up the school.

—that students from Pickering, Port Union, Dunbarton, Springfield, Wexford and Cherrywood attended the High School in its first years.

—that the students had to pay an annual fee towards the expenses of the school.

—that the hours were the same as those of the public schools now.

—that the colours, red and black, and the motto "Victrix Sapientia fortunæ" have identified Malvern for over twenty years.

—that Miss Muirhead, at the age of eleven, came to the school in the second year of its existence, and that she once received an Algebra mark of 23.

—that shortly afterwards Miss Ingham also attended the East Toronto High School and both she and Miss Muirhead distinguished themselves in the scholastic field.

—that a certain young man used to take advantage of the long curls of the young lady sitting in front of him by tying them to the cord of the window blind and then releasing the blind.

—that in 1906 the corner-stone of the present building was laid and Malvern, still under the name of East Toronto High School, blossomed forth with three rooms and three teachers.

—that the assembly-room used only on state occasions was the present art-room and was considered exceptionally spacious.

—that dances were prohibited in the school but a more dignified form of entertainment known as a promenade in which the couples walked to the accompaniment of music was occasionally allowed.

—that in 1910 Mr. Lehmann became Principal of the school.

—that our library used to be three rooms, a library, an outer office and Mr. Lehmann's private office.

—that during the war the students looked after two French orphans whose whereabouts are not now even known.

—that during the same time, the cafeteria being non-existent, a club was formed with purpose to minimize the number of dry lunches and that each member bought a share in the company which was transferable.

—that the said club held meetings every day at noon in the physiology room when Mr. Lehmann supervised the making of tea, cocoa or coffee. The waiters changed each day, laid the napkins on the desks, and later cleared the dishes to be washed by the boys and wiped by the girls.

—that the first fifth form was a very unstable affair, the classes often enough being held in the corridors, on the steps or wherever space allowed.

—that when Malvern possessed a pair of portable rooms a favourite stunt in the winter was to put someone's rubber in the stove and keep all the doors closed.

NIGHT IN A CITY STREET

The night is dark, the street is wet,
A shining band of black,
But golden bars of mellow light
Are flung across the track.

The rain is dripping from the eaves
With strange, exultant sound,
And, softly splashing, falls upon
The saturated ground.

The cars rush past, and madly swoop
Through all the shining wet,
Like big, bold birds with golden eyes
A' rushing through the jet.

Some wond'rous gladness fills my soul,
It soars, and sings aloud,
To find, in heights I cannot see,
The stars behind a cloud.

—RUTH SHEPARD.

Mr. Rogers



IN deep sorrow and regret Malvern pays tribute to the memory of an honoured Teacher and a well-loved friend. We honoured Mr. Rogers for his fineness and strength, for his scholarship and achievement. We loved him for his kindness and patience, his laughter and his zest for life, for the spirit of friendliness and interest which made him one of us.

The brightness of his school life was the reflection of the perfect happiness of his home. His family shared his taste and interest in books, pictures and travel and he took great pleasure in his son's talent for the violin — a talent which Mr. Rogers himself possessed. They spent their summers together in Muskoka where the beauty of lakes and trees was a deep delight to Mr. Rogers. One thinks with

sadness of those last days when he drove beyond the city to see the hills and valleys in their autumn colours, knowing that he must leave it all. Surely some message of hope and peace reached his courageous soul.

Mr. Rogers was a prominent member of St. John's Anglican Church and gave much of his time to the work of the Church in the office of Rector's Warden.

He was also, in 1928 elected president of the Toronto section of the Ontario Secondary School Teacher's Federation, the highest honour in the gift of his colleagues in this city.

He was born in New Lowell, Ontario—a member of a large family. After finishing his high school education in Barrie he taught in the public school of New Lowell for two years. He then entered Trinity College, graduating in Mathematics in 1902 and taking his Master's degree in 1903.

His career as a teacher of mathematics began in Madoc and was continuous in Ontario High Schools except for an interval of two years in Colorado due to the illness of a member of his family. He was at Malvern for a few months in 1909 but was transferred to Riverdale, returning in 1920. For the ten years of Mr. Roger's work and association Malvern will always be grateful; and in regretting our great loss we remember with sincere sympathy Mrs. Rogers and her sons who, in his illness and death have suffered pain and sorrow such as few are called upon to bear.

J. M.

Dr. Walters



ON November fourteenth 1930, the death occurred of Dr. William Rundle Walters, Chairman of the Board of Education, Trustee for Ward eight. By his death, Malvern Collegiate lost a generous, interested friend. We were accustomed to his presence in the office and about the halls; he came as an official, but there was a genial, kindly interestedness about his visits that was more than merely official. We miss him.

It was good for Malvern to have a man like Dr. Walters in her midst. He was so good a citizen. The community had known him as Mayor before it was a part of greater Toronto; as Trustee of the original High School Board when Malvern was instituted; as Doctor, since 1887, when, newly graduated, he began the foundations of the reputation he was to

hold for generous, self-sacrificing medical service. It was good for High School students to have intimacy with a man in public life so honorable, a physician so unsparing of himself, a gentleman so simply courteous. The gratitude of the school for his long friendship, their regret over his loss, The Muse would here record.

Nightfall

Dim branches against a gray-blue sky,
Warm, twinkling lights in a dusky street,
And the lights climb up to the top of the hill
Where branches, and sky, and roads all meet.

The branches are poems I love so well,
The lights, my ambitions that reach and climb,
To the top of the hill, to the lovely sky,
To meet the beautiful and sublime.

—RUTH SHEPARD.

Aftermath

THE bitter struggle which was carried on during the past school year, between the students of Malvern and the Board of Education, was marked by several minor engagements and terminated in a pitched battle towards the end of last June. The scholars, while not decisively defeated, suffered heavy casualties nevertheless. A complete list of those who distinguished themselves under fire follows:—

Fifth Form Honour Matriculation

	No. of Papers	1st Class Honours		No. of Papers	1st Class Honours
Ruth Wachter	11	10	Isabel Price	8	7
Rita Phillips	12	8	Shirley Stephens	8	7
Eleanor Tait	11	8	Mary Kerr	7	5

Fourth Form Pass Matriculation

Margaret Wilson	12	11	Marjorie McIntosh	12	7
William Case	12	11	Eileen Coreoran	12	7
Gordon Overend	12	10	Helen Routh	12	6
Dorothy Schauflior	12	8	Eleanor Henderson	12	6
John Russell	12	8	Solomon Schmiffer	8	6*
Harold Bernstein	12	8	Solomon Shankman	6	6*
Jean Leader	12	7	Norman Robinson	4	4*
Phyllis Kimber	12	7	June Cobbledick	4	3*

*Third Form students.

Third Form Pass Matriculation

The following have only tried three of their twelve pass matriculation papers, but have succeeded in gaining three first-class honours:—Ethel Barrett, Dorothy Bell, Samuel Denby, William Halperin, Arnold Loomis, William Macready, Margaret More, Ralph Pittis, Madge Price, Irene Prior, George Watson, Alan Weatherburn.



FOR some reason, this year, our exchange list has been disappointingly small. Perhaps this is due to our earlier publication but in any case we hope to hear from all our other friends in the near future. Along with our comments, which we hope will be of material benefit to those concerned, we have included some "tid-bits from the columns of our contemporaries" which will perhaps stimulate the interest of our own student body in the efforts of other schools. Accordingly we take this opportunity to thank those who have placed us on their exchange list and we look forward with pleasure to receiving your mag. both this year and years to come.

May *your* school magazine be an ever-increasing source of pride and joy to your school. The Muse extends heartiest congratulations on your previous efforts and expresses the sincere wish for your continued success.

Au Revoir.

Reveille—RIVERDALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, TORONTO.

News from our old friend and rival! Your effort is worth the highest praise and your choice of material appears excellent especially in the literary and poetry sections.

Dentist: Will you take gas?

Youth (absent mindedly): Yeah! and you'd better look at the oil and tires.

Vulcan—CENTRAL TECHNICAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

So you print this yourself! Congratulations on your Christmas number—what a difference no advertisements makes. Your mag. is rather too literary. Would suggest that you give more space to school activities.

He: Hey wallflower why don't you dance instead of standing around like a wooden dummy?

She: I'm not a wooden dummy I'm only a little bored.

Eastern Echo—EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, TORONTO.

This publication is versatile and attractive and your sports are well written-up. Don't you think a few more cartoons would be an improvement?

A smile costs nothing
It is free not bought
And yet
A smile may conquer
An angry thought.

A touch costs nothing
A touch of sympathy.
And yet
A touch in time of sorrow
Means much to me.

A look costs nothing
Nor does it hurt the eye.
And yet
A look may drive away
A weary sigh.

Tatler—TILLSONBURG HIGH SCHOOL.

A new one on our exchange—Your first attempt since 1907 deserves much credit especially for so small a school. Would suggest artistic title design for the various sections and more of the popular form news. Come again.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail,
"Well I never" was the comment
"Saw a mule that's been in jail."

Shelburne High School—SHELBURNE, ONTARIO.

Congratulations—We consider your magazine one of our best exchanges. Our only suggestion would be to have a few more cartoons. Let us hear from you again.

"The ladder of life is full of splinters but they always prick the hardest when we are sliding down."—Brownell.

King's School Magazine—PARRAMATTA, AUSTRALIA.

Welcome far-off friend! Isn't it fun to exchange thoughts and ideas with another land? Your little book is well-balanced on the whole but the lack of jokes and cartoons so popular here is rather noticeable—(come again). We enjoyed your enthusiastic accounts of your sports.

Allaboutus—STAMFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

Your mag. is indeed a credit to your school. We consider it about the best out-of-town exchange we have. There doesn't seem to be any criticism which we could offer.

Teacher—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Boy—No wonder I failed in my exam!

Argosy of Commerce—OTTAWA.

An excellent and well-balanced mag. especially commendable as it is your first attempt. Keep up the good work and let us hear from you again.

"When Sir Walter Raleigh spread his coat for Elizabeth he said
"step on it, Lizzie."

Lampadion—DELTA COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, HAMILTON.

So glad you decided to put your effort in book form and you have succeeded admirably. Every phase of your school life has been well written-up, especially the sports. Title headings seem to be about the only thing seriously lacking. An autograph page would be sure to be popular.

My parents told me not to smoke—I don't.
Nor listen to a naughty joke—I don't.
They made it clear I must not wink
At pretty girls nor even think
About intoxicating drink—I don't.
To flirt or dance is very wrong—I don't.
Wild youth chase women, wine and song—I don't.
I kiss no girl not even one
I do not know how it is done
You wouldn't think I had much fun—I don't.

M. M.

The Malvern Home and School Club

THE Malvern Home and School Club has almost completed its sixth year and each year we feel its accomplishments are of greater value to the school. This year, we have held seven meetings where opportunity is given the parents to hear good speakers on live educational topics. Last fall, we started our activities with a reception to the first form girls and their Mothers. This proved so successful that we hope to entertain both boys and girls next year. At Commencement, we donated a medal in Mathematics to Miss Shirley Stephens and the Dr. Lingwood medal in Latin to Miss Ruth Wachter. Commencement evening we gave a dance for the graduating class. A very successful Tea Dance was given in honor of the Orchestra who have contributed so much to the school activities and we were able to contribute the sum of \$29.60 towards the purchase price of instruments of which they are in need. Through the kindness of Mr. Williams, we had the use of the Beach Theatre for a matinee raising enough money to purchase an attachment for the school lantern so that slides may be used in the classrooms. Also we had the pleasure of entertaining the champion athletic teams, some 89 in all, at a banquet. The medals offered to both boys and girls for oratorical competition will be presented to the winners at Commencement next fall.

The Quarter Century Scholarship fund has passed the half-way mark, \$500. We are grateful to the Ex-pupils for making their annual dance a scholarship dance and donating the proceeds, some \$115.00 to this fund.

We take this opportunity of inviting all parents to come to our meetings and help us create closer co-operation between teachers, pupils and parents so that we may add parent power to school power. Our great object is to interest all people in all youth and to link in common purpose the home, the school and other educative forces in the life of the student, to work for his highest good.

Edna H. Walkinshaw, President.



"Here we are! Here we stay!
O please pass us not by!
Last year in forms 5B and A,
Now grads of M.C.I."

AMONG the Malvernites in attendance at the notorious S.P.S. (Slaves of Practical Science) you will find "Tubby" Bell, "Stu" Brownlee, Harry Judson, Ralph Wilson, Rob Webber and Edwin Caldwell. "Durb" Freeman, Valio Markkanen, Ralph Young and Harvey Cruikshank will be future medicos.

The petite Shirley Stephens, Kay Holt and Alban Bond are "Shawing" it this year.

Norma Carlton, Dot Waterman, Mary Parker, and Rita Phillips are taking the special class at Eastern Commerce.

Isabel Price, Ruth Wachter, and Harold Woolnough are going to Varsity.

Hugh MacLaren is temporarily absent from Varsity, recuperating from an illness.

James (Elwood) Gray and Doug. Wilson, in keeping with their love of money are working in banks.

Little Mary Price is going into the General Hospital to train for a nurse.

Ralph Blaber is in the advertising business.

"Ted" Watson is in the radio department at Simpson's. He always was fond of broadcasting!

Is "Bill" Pratt, already with the C.N.R., in training for Sir Henry Thornton's job?

Clayton Parker, Len Rollaston, and Paul Saarimaki are working with their respective fathers. (Following in the footsteps of their dear old dad?)

Jean McMaster, Mal McCarthy, and Norman London have east in their lot with the great T. Eaton Co.

Bar your doors and lock your windows! Here come the insurance men, "Hor" Thomson and Gordon Stewart!

"Stu" Walkinshaw is with the Hydro. (A budding Sir Adam Beek?)

Mona McCully is working in the daytime and studying at night. This is combining business with pleasure, isn't it?

Gertrude Shuiffert is staying at home this year. She aspires to Varsity next year.

How about Grace Tremmer as a lady successor to Paul Whiteman? I hear she's leading an orchestra!

Jean Care is beginning at the beginning, kindergarten teaching at Normal. Grace Stevenson, Eleanor Tail, and Blake Wheeler are also "Normalities."

And last but not least Dorothy Duke has settled down (?) at Gregg's.
R. Phillips.

THE MUSE

THE MALVERN SONG

Music by
BARBARA ROBERTS

Lyric by
G. KIPPEN, R. CUNNINGHAM AND
D. SCHAUFFLER

The musical score for 'The Malvern Song' is presented in six systems, each consisting of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score begins with a piano introduction. The vocal line starts with a melodic phrase, and the piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and chords. A 'CHORUS' section is marked in the fourth system. The score concludes with a final piano chord.

The Malvern Song

In memory's hall will ever be a treasure,
Revered and loved by every Malvernite,
'Tis of standards we've defended and of victories never ended,
When we cheer the Red and Black with all our might,
'Tis in Malvern that we found true friendship
Spreading wide it's arms to greet us when we came,
And every Malvern heart, will always take a part
In striving to uphold her honoured name.

Chorus:

'Tis a name that we've always cherished
'Tis a name that we hold so dear,
With all our strength, with all our heart
We'll try to do our part to raise our banners high,
O let us shout!
O let us cheer!
When we bear the name of good old M. C. I.

With vigour we will do our best for Malvern,
With courage meet each challenge face to face,
Tho' we'll always do and dare
We will still play fair and square
And never own a victory in disgrace,
Through all our happy days in Malvern
Of clean sportsmanship there's never been a lack
So with heads erect we'll sing, and high our praises fling,
In honour of the good old Red and Black.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Hon. Pres. MR. HISEY
President ... CHAS. BOX

Secretary KEN. HEMPHILL
Treasurer BOB. PORTER



CHAS. BOX

ANOTHER year has gone by and Malvern again has an enviable record in sporting circles. It seems that the red and black can never be any other place than in the vicinity of the top. For every sport that is played at Malvern a team is turned out that is hard to beat.

The rugby season last fall was something of which we may modestly boast. The Seniors retained the Senior City High School Championship when they tramped the Oakwood jinx into the sod at Varsity, while the Junior squad was the only team in the city to give Jarvis, the Junior champs, a run for their money.

Lacrosse was played for the second time last summer. There were two teams entered, a juvenile and a junior. The juveniles went into the play-offs only to be nosed out by Weston.

The track team had a good year and deserve a big hand. Three of the boys competed at the British Empire games but due to their lack of experience they were unsuccessful in their efforts.

Rugby

This year's rugby team was as successful as that of previous years. The Senior team (as most of you know) remained Senior High School Champions, while the Juniors, though not winners, gave every team in their group a real battle.

1931 M GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Honor Crests

MALVERN girls as well as boys, can now earn the right to sport the Collegiate crests on their jackets, blazers, sweaters, or what have you! For many years "Ms" for girls have been talked about but not until 1930 did the "powers that be" give the permission necessary to make this possible. The new crests are the choice of Miss McAlpine and Miss Nichol who are to be congratulated on their good taste.

"How do you get one?"

"Well here's how." Be outstanding in school sports, get on one of the school teams and work hard to make it the champion team of Toronto. The members of the senior girls' basketball team 1929-1930 were the first to receive the coveted honor, crests being presented to them for reaching the semi-finals in the Toronto High School Basketball League. Those receiving the crests were: Muriel Wellar, Ruth Cunningham, Jean Cline, Edna Johnson, Madge Price, Betty Oaks, Thelma Parker and June Rice.

Here's hoping that the girls of all the teams will be wearing them this year.

Tennis

The Canon Baynes Reed Trophy

THE annual competition for the Canon Baynes Reed Trophy took place in September under the able management of Mary Starr.

Twenty contestants took part all playing at the top of their games. The semi-finals and the finals were especially interesting and the spectators thoroughly enjoyed the play.

Ena Gall, Jean Cline, Margaret Garlick and Babs Allsop reached the semi-finals, in which, after a great struggle, Margaret Garlick and Ena Gall were successful in beating their opponents.

The final match between Margaret Garlick and Ena Gall provided a hard battle. Ena won the first set 6-4, but in the second Margaret rallied and took the set 6-1. With a set each, the players settled down to a long hard grind of gruelling deuce games, with Margaret finally outstaying Ena and winning the last set 7-5. Final score 4-6, 6-1, 7-5.

Well played Margaret! Good work Ena!

Girls, why not raise the entries for 1931-32 to 50? The Baynes Reed Trophy is well worth winning and there should be a far larger number turn out to compete for it.

Basketball

AT last, the Girls' Senior Basketball team has attained what has seemed for many years impossible "The Championship of Toronto." This emblem has not been under Malvern's roof since nineteen twenty-four.

After topping the Eastern Division they won the right to take part in the play-offs for the City Championship. In the semi-final they defeated Oakwood by only one point and thus qualified for the finals against Humberside.

In the final test the team came through with flying colours working with the precision of a machine. Their fine combination plays opened up time after time opportunities for baskets, that were quickly converted into points by the forward line, Muriel Weller, Ruth Cunningham and Jean Cline. Muriel, the captain of the team, played a stellar game notching twenty-one points, and handled the team like a trooper. Ruth and Jean each scored fourteen points. The final score was 49-23 favour of Malvern. "Well played Malvern."

The Senior line-up: Jean Cline and Ruth Cunningham, forwards; Muriel Weller (captain) side centre; Hazel McCrea, centre; Gladys Kippen, Grace Nixon, Elizabeth Kennedy, and Thelma Parker, defence.

The Junior team though not achieving the notable success of the Senior team deserve great praise for the splendid games they played.



Girls' Senior Basketball Team

When they lost there was only a small difference in the scores and they developed into the best Junior team that Malvern has had for many years. Next year they will form excellent material for another champion team.

Junior line-up: Ruth Reed (Captain) and Ruth Wilbur, forwards; Gladys Neal, centre; Ruth Thomas, side-centre; Doris Thomas, Madeline Glenn, Edith Stansfield and Maud Godfrey, defence.

The success of this year's teams has been greatly due to the excellent coaches, Miss McAlpine and Miss Nichol, whom the teams wish to thank for their patience, encouragement and advice.

Girls' Field Sports



THELMA PARKER

The races were all keenly contested and provided several thrilling finishes. It is expected that in the near future, record breaking will be a feature of this section of our sports.

More attention will have to be given to jumping if we are going to give to sport any Ethel Catherwoods. However for a beginning the contestants did very well indeed.

Great credit is due to the organizers of the 1930 Girls' Field Sports and it only remains now to make each succeeding year "Bigger and Better than Ever."

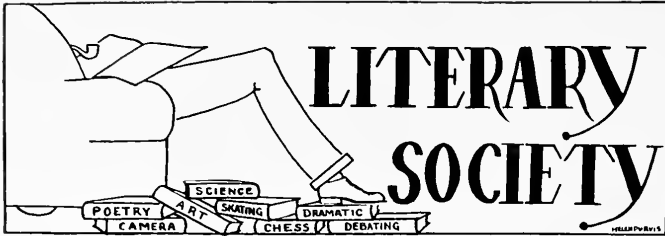
—B. OAKS.

THE 1930 Girls' Field Sports were the first for some years. The sports were looked forward to with expectation, which was fully realized when approximately one hundred girls turned out to take part in the various events.

Cups were donated by the Girls' Athletic Club for Senior and Junior championships, and were won by Thelma Parker (Senior) and Madge Price (Junior) with twenty-five and twenty-eight points respectively. Helen Duke in the Senior class came second with nineteen points and Dorothy James, Junior class, was second with fourteen points.



MADGE PRICE



Honorary President	Miss E. McGregor
President	Harry McArthur
1st Vice-President	Jack Pond
2nd Vice-President	Margaret Fearn
Secretary	Dorothy Bell
Treasurer	Cleeve Horne

FOR the past seven years, Malvern's Literary Society has confined its activities to general meetings, held once a month in our School Auditorium. These meetings have been enthusiastically attended, but there has been no active interest taken in the Literary Society by the pupils themselves.

This year, the Society is undertaking an entirely new system of activities, which has proved successful in other Collegiates of our city. Interest clubs have been organized with active memberships, and at the head of each, a capable executive, which is responsible to the Executive of the Literary Society. No general meetings are being held except when a club has such an interesting program to display, that it does not wish to exclude the student body. Then the students are invited to attend.

In this manner the Society has an active membership of 250 members, who are deriving a benefit from their clubs that will help them in their school work, and probably help guide them in their life's work. This new idea is merely an experiment, the success of which at the end of the school year will determine the advisability of resuming this system of activities.

There are seven interest clubs comprising our Literary Society, the Dramatic Club, Poetry Club, Debating Club, Art Club, Nature and Scientific Club, Camera and Reader Club, Boys' Skating and Skiing Club, Girls' Skating and Skiing Club and Chess Club.

THE MUSE

Dramatic Club Executive

Adviser	Mr. McQuarrie
President	Ed. McClure
Vice-President	Miss Ruth Phillips
Secretary	Miss Lillian Pettit
Historian Secretary	Miss Ruth Shepard
Treasurer	Miss June Rice

The Dramatic Club is working out an ambitious program. With a large enthusiastic membership and guided by our capable adviser Mr. McQuarrie we are fulfilling our purpose which is to promote dramatic talent in the school plays and skits have been produced and we look forward to a night of entertainment open to the public. It is thus with splendid co-operation that our members work to make the club set a precedent in education and interest.

Ed. McClure.

* * * * *

Poetry Club

The Malvern Poetry Club came to life under the leadership of Miss McGregor. Our president is Betsy McMaster, and secretary-treasurer Gladys Neale.

Thus far the club has had only three meetings, at which we decided to write poetry of our own to be brought to the meetings for criticism and for helpful suggestions. We hope by the end of the year to be able to present to the library a collection of Malvern verse. As well as writing poetry, we are endeavouring to read the works of famous poets, to study their lives and note the influence on their writings.

Some of the aims of the Poetry Club are to promote an interest in writing and reading poetry, and possibly to bring some well-known poets to the school as speakers.

Betsy McMaster, President.

* * * * *

Debating Club

The debating club held its first inaugural meeting on November 23, 1930. It was called to order by Mr. Bailey with twelve of the enrolled eighteen members present. The electing of officers was the first item on the program; it was decided that F. Urquhart should fill the office of president and Miss D. Wray that of the secretary-treasurer. The subject of inter-form debating was brought up, and the question was whether to have debating among the various forms, or to keep debating only within the club. However, at a meeting held December 8th, it was decided to have debating between the forms with preference given to those who were members of the club. Then the question arose as to those members who would be unable to be on a form team, and it was decided that debating teams be found within the club, and they in turn would debate against the winners of the inter-form debating teams.

So far our field of activity has not been outstanding but I have great hopes as to its success.

Frederick Urquhart.

THE MUSE

The Art Club

Hon. President	Mr. C. W. Horton
Adv. Officer	Miss Florence Knight
President	Babs Foster
Secretary	Margaret Dewar
Treasurer	Hilliard Morgan

The aim of the club is to promote talent and to cultivate a taste for beauty. Its success therefore is not easily judged but the enthusiasm and interest with which its members have joined in its activities speak well for its continuance.

Probably the most thriving branch of the club is the clay-modelling. This group began with twenty-five members working one afternoon per week. Some have not continued but others are spending not only an afternoon but many odd moments before and after school hours and are showing in their work the result of the wonderful opportunity they have had in having Cleeve Horne as their instructor.

The members who chose to do sketching and painting have been handicapped by the cold weather, which does not tempt one to work out of doors. They have, however, been acquiring a knowledge of technique in pencil and oil mediums which will give an added pleasure to the outdoor work in the spring.

Other undertakings have been poster painting, designing, and lettering in connection with the various activities of the school. These and more we hope to carry on another year feeling confident of our usefulness and of a growing interest in our club.

* * * * *

The Nature and Scientific Club

President	J. Davy
Vice-President	F. Cooper
Secretary	H. Bernstein
Treasurer	T. Westlake

The Nature and Scientific Club, formed under the auspices of the Literary Society has as its aim the extension of science throughout the school. To accomplish this men, eminent in the scientific circles of Toronto, have been invited to attend our meeting and deliver lectures.

Recently we were honoured at a meeting by the presence of Prof. Rogers, provincial analyst and professor of science at the Toronto University. He spoke on the future of science and in his only too brief talk revealed the vast realm of human enterprise in which science takes the lead.

We are expecting, in the near future, to have Mr. McKay, the provincial biologist to address us.

The club is much indebted to Mr. Taylor for his efforts to make it a success by inveigling these men into spending their valuable time with us.

J.D.

The Camera and Radio Club

At the initial meeting of the club on October 7th, on the suggestion of our worthy Honorary President, Mr. Farmer, it was deemed advisable to divide the club into two sections. There would be a president common to both divisions but each division was to have its separate executive. Twenty-eight members signed the registers of each club and the election of officers was as follows:—

President	W. L. Owens
Vice-President (Camera)	A. Dodds
Vice-President (Radio)	H. Hogg
Secretary (Camera)	F. Warner
Secretary (Radio)	J. Barber
Treasurer	S. Wolfe

At our meeting on January 20th, we were fortunate in procuring Mr. Whittingham of Peake and Whittingham, commercial photographers, who gave us a very interesting illustrated talk, on commercial photography.

Our photography contest is now in full swing and in the near future the rules and prizes of our radio contest will be released.

W. L. Owens, President.

* * * * *

Boys' Skiing and Skating Club

Honorary President	Mr. A. W. Blakeley
President	Jack Pond
Sec.-Treasurer	Ralph Pitts

The Boys' Skiing and Skating Club has at present forty-seven members on its roll.

So far there has been little snow and consequently no skiing hikes have been arranged. Now however that we can be sure of cold weather and plenty of snow a number of outings will take place. A skiing hike or a skating party will be first on the program and if one of these is successful a sleighing party will be considered.

Jack Pond.

* * * * *

Girls' Skiing and Skating Club

Advisory Officer	Miss Muirhead
President	Elizabeth Kennedy
Secretary	Margaret Garlick
Treasurer	Mary Patchell
Lower School Rep.	Betty Fisher

The first meeting of the Girls' Skiing and Skating Club was held during the first week of November, thirty members in all attending. Two skating parties have already been held at the Royal Rink, Broadview Ave., but on account of the weather no outdoor skating parties have been attempted as yet. It was suggested by Miss Muirhead that the Club attend the Ice Carnival this spring.

We have not yet been able to go skiing at Cedarbrook or Scarborough Golf courses as had been planned but we hope to in the near future.

THE MUSE

The Chess Club

Advisory Officer	Mr. Blakeley
President	Harold Bernstein
Vice-President	David McNulty
Secretary	Max. Walkinshaw
Treasurer	H. Pezzaek

Centuries ago, in the Orient, where the people have always delighted in mental exercises, there thrived a game that men played with queerly carved pieces of wood on a flat board marked with alternate dark and light squares. Hours they would spend, pondering over a game, at the height of ecstasy, when they had cleverly trapped their opponent's "king," plunged into the depths of despair when an unforeseen move of the enemy threatened their security.

Through the ages this game survived ever popular with a certain class of people. What could be more natural than that students should develop an interest which later becomes a passion for the game?

Sponsored by the Literary Society the Malvern Chess Club was inaugurated at the beginning of this year, under the guidance of the versatile Mr. Blakeley. Twenty-five members in varying stages of the game comprise this new organization.

As the first taste of human blood converts a tiger into a man-eater, so a preliminary knowledge of the game produces a chess enthusiast. The game has secured a firm foothold in Malvern. Watch it's progress!

* * * * *

We extend our sincere thanks for the capable guidance of our Honorary President, Miss McGregor, and for the whole-hearted support from the members of the staff who have so kindly undertaken to advise the various clubs. Our outlook stabilized by the encouraging reports of the club presidents is very promising and we hold every hope, that next year will find Malvern's Literary Society with the same system of activities, excelling its fine records of previous years.

Harry McArthur.



"CHESS-NUTS"



A BIG and Little Sister Party opened the activities of the Maids of Malvern this year. The constitution and purpose of the club were read by the president and a welcome took the form of an opening ceremony in which the theme for this year, "O come let us seek a newer world" was repeated by all the girls. The freshies were shown places of interest about the school as in their imagination they were conducted through the halls of Malvern in a sight-seeing bus. Refreshments were served, and the party concluded with dancing.

During the following two weeks an extensive membership campaign was carried on, with the result that more girls than ever before became members of the Maids of Malvern. The annual hike more than lived up to the expectations of the members this year. The girls were divided into groups before they left the school on their bare and bound chase. The groups competed against each other in games, stunts, gathering of wood, and one is tempted to say in eating and singing. A thrilling candle-lighting and initiation ceremony was held round a huge council fire. The president lit her candle by the fire, passed the light on to the leaders of the groups repeating these simple yet inspiring lines, "May the light of this candle be a symbol to you of the ideals for which we stand." The leaders in turn passed on the light to the members of the club. A beautiful procession it was as a hundred and fifty girls filed round in a huge circle singing, "Follow the Gleam." The spell was not broken for a full moon rose, lighting the homeward path and the happy band frolicked home in the moonlight more glad in their hearts for that day.

Toward the end of October the Maids of Malvern held a World Fellowship Week. The club took charge of the senior assembly on Tuesday morning and Doris McCarthy, an ex-pupil, gave a most inspiring talk on World Fellowship. Literature and posters on Internationalism were

on display for the use of the pupils and a National Geographic magazine was placed in every class room. At the World Fellowship meeting which was held the following Thursday, Miss Constance Young gave a very fine address. A skit on Internationalism was presented by the Stunt Group. All the girls joined in the singing of several songs of other countries.

Due to the hearty response of the school to our appeal for social service funds, the Maids of Malvern were able to gladden the hearts of many children at Christmas time. The girls sent to the Neighbourhood Worker's over fifty large Christmas stockings which they had filled, together with books, toys, clothing, fruit and vegetables.

Our Christmas meeting was favoured with a play, "The Christmas Carol," put on by the Senior Stunt Group. Miss Rumball from the Y.W.C.A. read a story and Miss Tetloe lead in carol singing. The Toyne twins sang for us in German and the meeting was brought to a close beautifully with a worship service by Miss Tetloe.

The annual stunt contest was conducted with as much enthusiasm as ever. The third formers won the cup this year with the stunt "Christopher Columbus." Much energy and time were spent preparing these stunts and we feel that the standard was considerably raised.

The sleighing party was a great success. One hundred and fifty people were literally packed into three sleighs. The crowd was larger than expected but we all enjoyed a splendid evening. Refreshments were served in the cafeteria after the ride.

On Thursday, March the twenty-sixth, the Maids of Malvern are having a Vocational meeting. This year we are attempting something new. Both boys and girls will be welcome. The meeting is open to all the school. Mr. Dunlop of the University of Toronto will be the general speaker. There will be discussion groups on various vocations and professions, led by very distinguished leaders. We hope that this meeting will be a great success.

A shower of jams, jellies and other delicacies will be held during the week of April the first. The donations will be given to the Neighbourhood Workers.

The Annual Mother and Daughter Banquet will be held on Friday, April twenty-fourth.

The kindly interest of the school staff and the splendid co-operation of the members of the club have contributed enormously to the success of the Maids of Malvern this year.

—R.C.

MAIDS OF MALVERN INTEREST GROUPS

The Swimming Group is under the leadership of Doris Thomas. Each Wednesday the Seniors gather at the Central Y.W.C.A. while the Juniors meet on Friday. The girls took part in an intercollegiate swimming meet which was held towards the end of February.

The Handicraft Group has flourished well under the splendid direction of Miss Russell. The girls in the group made their own Christmas cards and are now busily occupied in the making of fancy baskets and favours for the Maids of Malvern.

The Stunt Group—In the fall when the girls signed up for Interest Groups, Miss Howard's Stunt Group had by no means the smallest registration. The enthusiasm of this section has been kept from the beginning and many splendid stunts and plays have been produced.

The Social Service Group has been very active this year. The girls made and filled over fifty Christmas stockings. They met with splendid response from the pupils in the school, and with their help succeeded in brightening the hours of many children this Christmas. The group has further plans, and hopes to continue their work during the winter months.

The First Aid Group—A very worth while course has been prepared by the Red Cross Society and the members of this Group, at the completion of the course, receive a certificate. The girls under the leadership of Miss Cameron are finding their study most interesting. It is to be hoped that more girls will join this group next year.

—RUTH CUNNINGHAM, 5B.

BEANS

"Beans," the pick of the crop, built layer upon layer with thin slices of sweet bacon and choicest molasses—slowly baked and well-browned over the glowing embers of an open fire—what a treat!

Just such a treat is the monthly "get-together" of the "Beans" girls' club in the Y.W.C.A.

Girls from the east, girls from the west,

Girls from the north and girls from the south,

Just the girls you would like to meet,

In a rollicking, frolicing monthly treat.

Those of you who have not been to "Beans" really do not know the fun you are missing. Each "Beans" is all that one could desire—and even more. Every program is a secret and you can imagine the delightful surprise when, after a most enjoyable supper, you are taken into the Grey room. Here, sitting before an open fire, are rows and rows of girls in white middies. Everybody is laughing and chatting and before long you find yourselves in the midst of one of the many groups and joining in the merry conversation. Then comes a jolly sing-song, usually followed by games. Stunts by the members of one of the schools or the reading of a story by one of the girls, completes the program. New friendships are made and happy girls, forming a circle, join hands and sing the good-night song "Taps."

"Stunt night" is possibly the most interesting "Beans" of the year. On this night, after weeks and weeks of practise, the girls of the different schools put on a stunt; the winning school being presented with a prize. O readers! Imagine the pride and excitement that filled every Malvernite's heart when this year at that tense moment the judges presented the silver cup to *our* school! Not only here but at many other meetings our girls have shown themselves a credit to Malvern.

But you, who have not as yet been to "Beans" may share in these monthly treats, the only charge being twenty-five cents. Remember, a welcome awaits you at "Beans."

—LORRAINE LUSH.

Camp

“**Y**” CAMP has moved again, and this time it will stay. The new camp is near Parry Sound on Georgian Bay, one of the loveliest spots in Ontario. Where there was but one hunter's cabin last spring, there are now two cabins, a big lodge, and a row of tents along the edge of the water. Behind these is a wide field for games and beyond that a beautiful forest of pines and poplars. Following the path in front of the tents, we come to a high rounded rock, high above the water, on which all the campers assemble for morning worship.

This is the place where we, the fortunate “first campers” spent the happiest days of our summer vacation. We called the camp an aerodrome and played at being aviators. The dining-room was the “hangar” and the cabins bore equally appropriate names such as the “cockpit,” “tail-spin,” “propeller” and so on. We were the merriest bunch of fliers, and the most carefree,—for what was there to worry over? Imagine running off to the woods for ten days, free from the noise and heat of the city, with thirty other girls your own age, from Toronto high schools!

There was everything to make any kind of girl happy,—a morning dip to pep you up, and a long swim in the afternoon, baseball and volley ball games, boat trips, and canoeing under the supervision of the leaders. A stunt and song contest between the three groups made one evening rock with fun. Many of the songs that are new to the Maids of Malvern originated at camp.

One morning, before the sun was up, the nature study group went a-hunting for the songs of birds. Jimmy Skunk was off on a hunt of his own but we let him follow it. Paddling quietly up a tiny creek, we searched the trees for the shy musicians. The bell like tones of the vireo, the merry “teacher-teacher” of the oven bird, the sudden “chunk” of a frog, and a fleeting glimpse of a bright-eyed water snake slipping through the water, these are a few of the treasured memories which we brought home.

Perhaps we will remember longest the quiet time in the morning that each camper spent alone. It was not compulsory—just ten minutes in the camp program set apart for thinking. It was in this early morning hour, when the mist was melting away from the lake and hillsides, and in the evening around our campfire when we watched the first pale stars peep out of a sunset sky, that we loved camp the most. There was a magic spell about it that no one may understand until they have been there. Life is more interesting, more of an adventure, because we have been to camp.

Dorothy Schaufler, V.B.



Tea Dances

SEE your Rugby team in action on the dance floor was the advertisement for the Rugby tea-dance. It certainly drew a good crowd to the auditorium on the afternoon of Wednesday, December the seventeenth. In spite of the fact that it was the last week of school and a number of pupils were working, the floor was filled almost to the uncomfortable stage. Jack Cooke and his orchestra provided the music. It was good.

The second tea-dance was on January the ninth in the first week after the holidays and started the new year in a good way. It was under the auspices of the Cadets and was as enjoyable as the first.

The Home and School Club were sponsors of our next tea-dance held on January the twenty-ninth, in aid of the Malvern Orchestra. A large crowd was in attendance and Jack Cooke's orchestra provided the music.

February the twenty-seventh was the date of our Muse tea-dance. It was very well attended by pupils, ex-pupils and outsiders. Apparently Malvern's tea-dances are well known or well advertised.

The Ex-Pupils' Dance

The Annual Ex-pupils At Home was held on Friday, February the sixth. The multi-coloured dresses of the ladies against the black and white background of the formal attire of the gentlemen formed a very striking picture. Coloured spot lights were played continually on the dancers. The auditorium was decorated in the school colours as was the cafeteria where refreshments were served. Harry Bedlington and his Savarin Orchestra were in attendance.

Commencement

Contrary to the usual custom, commencement was held in the afternoon this year.

Mr. Brillinger, Chairman of the Board of Education and Mr. Loftus Reid, trustee for Ward 8 each said a few words.

The athletic awards were presented and Mr. Blakeley and Miss McAlpine each gave a short talk on boys' and girls' athletics during the past year.

Mr. Lehmann made a few remarks concerning the success of last year's matriculants and gave us several sound words of advice for this year's studying.

The academic certificates and prizes were then presented.

Miss Ruth Wachter delivered the valedictory giving us a brief, interesting and humorous account of her five years at Malvern.

The orchestra played several lovely selections during the course of the afternoon.

The Graduates' Dance

The graduates' dance given by the Home and School Club to last year's fourth and fifth forms was a huge success.

It was well attended and the music provided by Howard Chapman's orchestra was excellent.

The dance was held on the evening of the same day as commencement.

Refreshments were served cafeteria style and at twelve-thirty the guests sadly left for home after having spent a very enjoyable evening.

Our thanks to the Home and School Club.

The Girls' Masquerade

The Girls' Masquerade instead of being held by the Girls' Athletic Club this year was under the auspices of the Maids of Malvern.

November the ninth was the evening of this happy affair and the auditorium was prettily decorated with red and black streamers and clusters of balloons. The girls were dressed in costumes of every kind, humorous and beautiful, and some very original.

Prizes were presented by members of the Home and School Club for the funniest, prettiest and most original costumes and the judges had a hard time deciding who would be the lucky winners.

The music was provided by Jack Cooke's orchestra and everyone seemed sorry to leave after a very enjoyable evening.

Athletic Banquet

The Athletic banquet is given every year by the Home and School Club to the championship teams of the school. This year it was attended by the Senior Rugby team, Senior Girls' Basketball team, Rowing Club and the track champions.

Mr. Loftus Reid was toastmaster of the evening. The three athletic visitors, Jack Guest, Ted Reeve and Mr. Blakeley each spoke a few words in the course of the evening.

Mr. Taylor proposed a toast to the rugby team to which Charlie Box replied. Presentations were made to Ted Reeve from the Junior and Senior rugby teams. Toasts were proposed by Miss Nichols to the girls' basketball team, by Mr. Crozier to the track team and by Jack Guest to the Rowing Club and were responded to by Miss Muriel Wellar, Frank Rook and Cleeve Horne respectively. Mr. Hisey tendered the toast to the Home and School Club which was replied to by Mrs. Walkinshaw. Songs interspersed the programme.

At the close of the banquet a dance was held. During the evening Mrs. Walkinshaw and Mr. Lehmann presented the O.R.F.U. and Secondary School crests.

—DORIE LEARIE.

The Orchestra

Honorary President	Miss J. Muirhead
President	Barbara Roberts
Sec.-Treas.	Sam Foxley
Conductor	Mr. W. J. L. Brown

IT appears that much more interest is being taken in orchestras such as ours than ever before. Under the supervision of Miss Tedd and Mr. Breather, arrangements have been made for all the High School Orchestras in the city to meet once a month; and in the beautiful auditorium of Jarvis Collegiate we rehearse together under some of our eminent Canadian conductors. It certainly seemed like "old home week," to see Mr. Keeling there with his orchestra.

This year the orchestra lost a very dear friend by the death of Mr. Rogers. He had been for some years our honorary president. His love of music and his enthusiasm were the source of our efforts to make Malvern the possessor of a fine orchestra.

The activities of the orchestra were principally in the school. The Home and School Club meeting at which the parents met the teachers, was the first large meeting where we assisted. Parents' Night was a success as usual, and for this we put forth a special effort. Undoubtedly the greatest event of the year was Commencement. This year, as it was held in the afternoon, ex-members of the orchestra were unable to assist us, but after hearing Trustee Loftus Reed compliment Mr. Brown on the orchestra, we felt, shall I say, good.

Malvern is growing rapidly, and consequently it should be easier to add new members to the orchestra. Every year newcomers are made very welcome and although we have a strong string section, we are always looking for wind and brass players. We hope that under the capable guidance of Mr. Brown, the orchestra will steadily improve and, showing that "good old Malvern spirit," grow to be a greater asset to the school.

B.R.



Spree Fever

Oh! I must down to the Caf' again,
To the lonely cake and pie;
And all I ask is a bowl of soup,
And a spoon to eat it by.

Oh! I must grab an old tin tray,
And a bun that is hardly new,
A cake that has seen a better day,
And a dish of Irish stew.

And then I take a chocolate cake,
And take a chance on the pie,
To this I add a doughnut
Though I really don't know why.

As I near the bend at the Journey's end
I seize a dish of hash,
The price is told in accents cold
And I settle up with cash.

Now marriage they say is like a café
And we'll pass this knowledge on;
You have to seize what seems to please,
And pay for it later on.

R. Adams, 4A.



FAMOUS FIFTH-FORM FACTS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Weakness</i>	<i>Favourite Expression</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>Ultimate Fate</i>
A. Muirhead	Willowy	Spacemint	Use Your Brains!	To Teach Ye Hopeless Fifths	A Shadow
B. Roberts	Sunny	Giggling	O' My Dear!	Paderewski!	Robertski
S. Siegel	Devil-Devil	(The) "Mike"	Gee Whizz!	To Join the Union	The N.B.C. Network
B. Lowden	Angelic	Sneezing	O Len!	Mrs. Quartermain	Mrs. Quartermain
M. Westlake	Demure	Her Heart	But Betty!	To Graduate	The Altar
D. Baker	Little But O My!	Tall Men	I Don't Know!	Curly Hair	Six Foot Two
D. Strünger	Determined	Maths	It's Hot!	Prima Donna	Couturière
L. Pettit	Petite	Psychology	I Do Not Agree!	To Argue	School Marm
G. MacQuarrie	Venerable	Meloids	Less Noise There!	To Clear the Halls	Despair
J. Watson	Manly	Miss Phillips	What the Sam Hill!	Wide Open Spaces	He-Man
H. McArthur	Sweet	Rumble Seats	O Sho Sho!	Lawyer Snoop	Life-Guard
R. Campbell	Nonchalant	Peanuts	Nonsense!	Poet	Just A Gigolo
C. Box	Regular Fellow	Flirting	((Censored))	To Be a Rugby Player	An Ossifer
C. Horne	Coy	Making Faces	Hullo Old Boy!	A Permanent Wave	To Make Mr. Horton's Bust
H. Cayley	Mysterious	Lizzie	Sign Here!	To Get Married	To Be In A Cast
R. Watters	Clever	Lillian	Awa!	To Write The Alphabet	A Professor

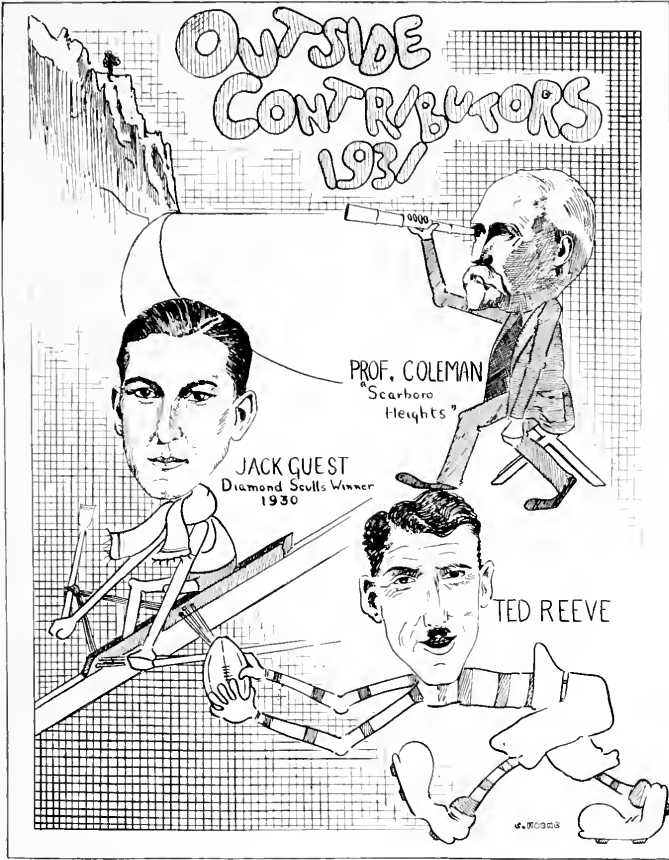
THE CHOIR-BOY

The choir-boy arose
In his white surplice.
And the soft shafts of light
Came through the stained-glass windows
And made red and blue diamonds
On his fair hair;
And his boyish eyes were raised
As though he saw
Things Celestial.

Then
Music came forth
Low and sweet
And it seemed that the birds sang
In accompaniment.
That the flowers swayed
For very happiness;
For the notes soared aloft
Like golden-winged butterflies
And my soul followed them
Until
They seem to reach the great blue dome of Heaven
Whence the cadences broke
Like the shattering of a crystal goblet
And the clear, liquid notes fell
Like a thin trickle of molten silver.

—HELEN ORAM, 4C.



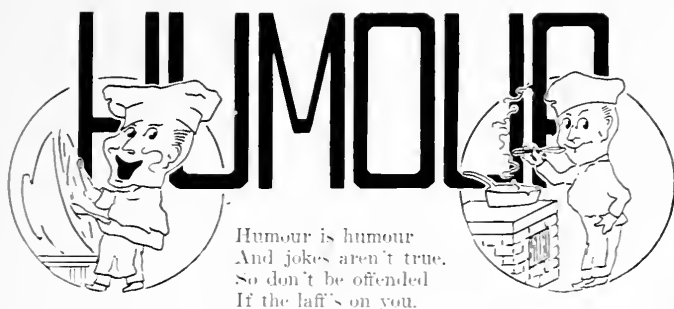


For our outside contributions we are greatly indebted to the following:

Dr. A. P. Coleman	Scarboro Heights
Jack Guest	Rowing
Ted Reeve	Nutsy Fagan
James Frise	Cartoons

Fifth Form Register

- A is for Aeberli, in the future he'll be,
The man in the collar-ad, it's plain to see.
- B is for Baker, at home he's called Willie,
To his gum-chewing habit the teachers are chilly.
- C is for Carliss, our Helen's a blonde
Of the type of which sheiks are always so fond.
- D is for Davy, the first name is James,
He hopes dark, wavy locks are a hit with the dames.
- E is the Example we're told that the fifth
Should set, while from classroom to classroom we drift.
- F is for Fisher, Archibald, no less,
Who is angling about for a fine, fat heiress.
- G for Gould, Mimi, and Gregory, Ruth,
What one misses in boy-friends, t'other snares, forsooth.
- H is for Healy, Norman be careful.
Those "Miss"-deeds of yours, would give Marion an earful.
- I is for Irwin, he's keeping it dark,
But he most wants to be a history shark.
- J is for Jackson, who's sworn to live prayer-less,
His petition's unanswered, his lip is still hairless.
- K is for Kenneth, as Hemp, he is known,
A fine thriving crop of wild oats he has sown.
- L is for Learie, affectionately, Dot
For truth and for rhyme, we'll describe her as hot.
- M is for Manning, an algebra hound,
Barks when he should bite, our sweet teacher has found.
- N is for Nixon, with Grace she was blest,
Besides English, what periods devotes she to rest?
- O is for Oaks, she's a star at the net,
When Betty's in training, it's said she won't pet.
- P is for Parker, but Thelma, don't park,
Some mighty queer things often hap in the dark.
- Q stands for MacQuarrie, minus the "Mac."
Of loving the ladies, he'll tell you the knack.
- R is for Routh, now Helen, don't bluff,
Didn't you find Rownie's "tish" a bit rough?
- S is for Standing, Jack's turned cavalier,
And whispers sweet nothings in Dorian's ear.
- T is for Thomson, all bustle and rush,
His secret ambition—editing Hush.
- U is for Urquhart, the lad groweth holder,
Last week he appeared with some white on his shoulder!
- V is for Vacant, this space is to let,
Bring forward your names, we'll take what we get.
- W is for Westlake, our strong silent man,
And also for Wilson, our flash Don Juan.
- X is for You, who think you're left out,
There's more fish in the sea than were ever pulled out.
- Z is for Zero, or Zebra, or Zine—
But talent (?) gives out—it's time, don't you think?



Humour is humour
And jokes aren't true.
So don't be offended
If the laff's on you.

By Georges

For explanation of these jokes see George or George.

Marg. G.—I think sheep are the most stupid creatures on earth, don't you?

Hemphill—Yes my lamb.

* * * *

Betty B.—I never kiss a new boy friend for 24 hours.

Dot. W.—Heavens I never kiss one for more than 20 minutes.

* * * *

Phyllis—If a woman should change her sex what would her religion be.

Marg. Heron—She would be a He-then of course.

* * * *

Rowny—What's that, you say our engagement's off? I don't get you!

Phyllis Reed—That's it exactly.

* * * *

Min.—Hello, been hunting?

Dug.—Yes.

Min.—Shoot anything?

Dug.—Shot my dog.

Min.—Why was he mad?

Dug.—Well, he didn't seem any too pleased.

* * * *

George Mc.—I had an awful fright in the show last night.

Bill F.—Yes I saw her.

* * * *

It is rumoured in 5B that some of the students in 5A think a Harmonic Range is a new kind of stove.

* * * *

Nit—"What is steel wool?"

Wit—"The fleece of a hydraulic ram."

THE MUSE

DAME GOSSIP

Howdy folks we are about to give you a brief synopsis (we can't spell resumé) of scandal gleaned from the cafeteria, halls and classroom including 5A.

Why does Bill Fidler blush when called dear?

Why do all the boys call Johnny Law, Mary, and tip their hats to him?

What did Mary Starr mean when she said "Egar's ear had engine trouble last night." Ha! Ha!

Miss Howard's secret passion—Mr. Kerr.

If Mr. Horton knew what a few boys know he wouldn't believe that the ancient art of hairdressing has passed out of existence. Eh Miss Jacobi?

What strange power has Mr. Horton over Betty Oakes that made her exclaim "I am all hot and bothered?"

Who coined the phrase "we shouldn't do this" and what's its significance?

What do the girls of Brampton C.I. think of the boys of Malvern "ah me" (censored)?

Why Standing thinks Mr. Horton should buy a dictionary?

How Miss Muirhead knows that Rowney whispers sweet nothings and to whom?

Why one of our teachers thinks Mothersill looks like the statue of "What's the use?"

If Mr. Horton is well acquainted with Shelley's Jane?

If "Al" Thomson is going north to be a Musher.

Does Miss Muirhead really *love* her subjects?

Where Standing keeps his chest between tea dances?

What strange power Porter has over les femmes?

* * * *

Dad—Where are you going to-night?

Jack Birrell—To a Muse meeting.

Dad—Yes amuse meeting.

* * * *

In church Mr. Taylor clasps his hands so tightly that he can't get them open when the collection plate comes around.

* * * *

If you don't get the best of gin, gin will get the best of you.

* * * *

Mr. Blakeley—Waiter!

Waiter—Yes sir.

Mr. Blakeley—What's this?

Waiter—It's bean soup, sir.

Mr. Blakeley—No matter what it has been, the question is what is it now?

* * * *

HEARD AT THE BANQUET!

Jessie—Why is this year's fifth like a corset?

Jack Guest—I dunno, why?

Jessie—Because it's "Lover's Form."

* * * *

If every knock's a boost, Hesk's ear should climb any hill on high.

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Gone West, Chev., why do you stare at them?
Give them to me.

What?

Your shatter-proof glass and shock absorbers.
Give them to me.

No!

Then I will howl all night in the reeds
Lie in the mud and howl for them.

Chev., why do you love them so?

They are better than Fisher bodies.

Better than voices of winds that sing,

Better than any man's fifty dollars.

Your two-toned duco on the tin you love to touch.

Hush! I stole them out of Woolworth's.

Give them to me, I want them!

No!

I will howl in a deep lagoon

For your buggy springs, I love them so,

For your bent up bumpers,

Give them to me, give them!

No!



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He notices her plight
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She would.
He puts his arm around her
He would.
She comes a little closer
She would.
He stops the car
He would.
They neck
They would.
He's got a little cabin
He would.
She likes little cabins
She would.
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* * * *

Miss Howard's conception of a mean person—Take the little end of nothing, whittle it down to a point, punch out the pith of a hair and put in 40,000 souls such as him shake them up and they will rattle.

* * * *

Rook—By the looks of the ring around the sun we's going to have a storm.

Clarke—Say! are you a Prognosticator?

Rook—No I'm an Anglican.

* * * *

Mr. McQuarrie (feeling pretty gay)—Here waiter bring a bottle of Hock—hie hae hoe.

The waiter who had been to college smiled but never stirred.

Mae.—What are you standing there for, didn't I order some Hock?

Waiter—Yes sir, you ordered it but you afterwards declined it.

* * * *

George—That girl over there shows distinction in her clothes.

George—You mean distinctly, don't you?

* * * *

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Hillier—Do you think I'm a fool?

Miss Muirhead—Really, I would not have ventured the assertion, but now that you ask my opinion I must say that I am not prepared to deny it.

* * * *

Mr. Taylor—"When rain falls does it ever rise again?"

Walters—"Yes sir."

Mr. Taylor—"When?"

Walters—"Why in dew time."

* * * *

Miss Muirhead—Well how stupid you are, can't multiply x by x! I'll wager even Horne could do it in less than no time.

Standing—I shouldn't be surprised, they say fools multiply very rapidly these days.

* * * *

Strolling through the cemetery the other day I noticed the following Epitaph—

"Erected to the memory of John Jones accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

* * * *

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A star on the Grid wished to be,
To Teddy he went
But sadly was bent,
Which Malvern was sorry to see.

* * * *

Oh Bobbie Lee is the boy for me
And oh what shapely thighs
A comelier knee there'll never be
'Till the Spirit of Malvern dies.

* * * *

My analyze over the ocean
My analyze over the sea,
O who will go over the ocean
And bring back my ANA-TO-MY.

* * * *

O No! Miss McAlpine is no relation to the Alpine mountain ears.

* * * *

Dorian—"Why is your face
so red?"

Ruth—"Cause."

Dorian—"Cause what?"

Ruth—"Cosmetics."

* * * *

Heard in the auditorium—
The pupils will stand while the
teachers pass out.



"Smutz in training"

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Jack Wilson

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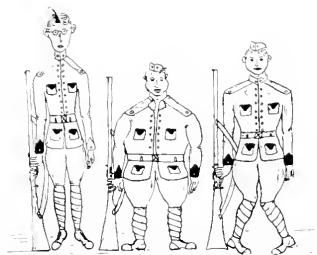
Autographs

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Chiff Thomson.

B. Amos

Jack
Chandler



Why should Canada tremble

~~grant~~
~~scouts~~ 30
H. Swell. 1c

Jack Chandler



In..... Montezuma's Day Cocoa Beans *were used as Money*

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Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold.

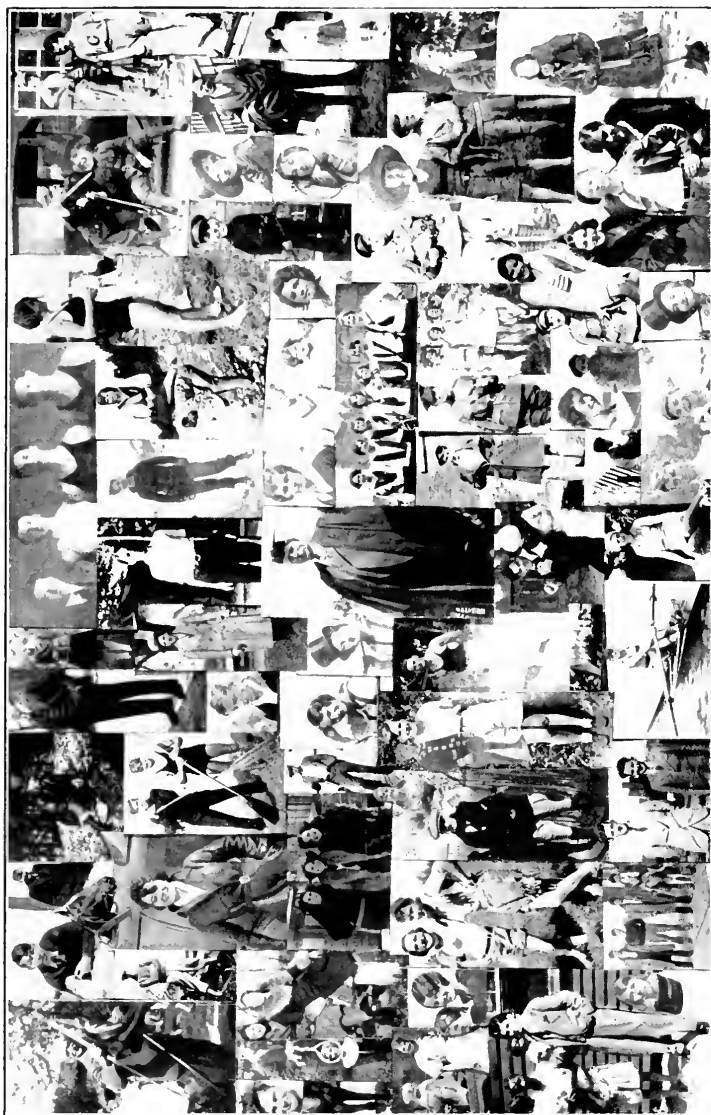
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* * * *

Caley—Did you hear about Hudson he fell asleep in the bath tub with the water running.

Carton—Did the tub overflow?

Caley—No, luckily he sleeps with his mouth open.

* * * *

Brennen (translating Virgil)—I don't know what Oscula means sir! Mr. Breslove—You'll learn!

* * * *

Little boy Jack come blow your sax your neighbours are sleeping you musn't relax.

* * * *

Did you ever stop to consider how absence makes the marks grow rounder.

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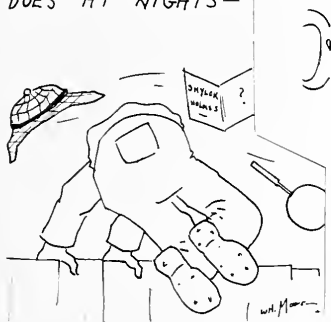
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* * * *

Nourse—Did you see that wood pile?

Kennedy—Yes I seen it.

Nourse—You should say I saw it.

Kennedy—Oh no! You saw me see it but you ain't gonna see me saw it.

* * * *

Healey's whiskers are the only things that keep him from being a bare-faced liar.

* * * *

Mr. Horton—Your handwriting is terrible, you should learn to write better.

Mothersill—Yes, but if I did people would find out how I spell.

* * * *

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"I am at wits end," said the King
as he spanked the fool.

* * * *

Dad—You shouldn't smoke cigar-
ettes, Grace, they're slow poison.

Grace N.—Oh! well, I'm in no
hurry.



Len—Cy, me's twins.

Cy—Gowan, what do you mean
Siamese Twins?

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